Hopton.

THE DESIGN OF THE FRONTISPICE.

LOe, *DEATH* inveſted in a Roab of *Ermine*,
Triumphant ſits, embelliſhed with *Vermine*,
Upon a Pile of *dead men's Skulls*, her Throne,
Pell-mell ſubduing all, and ſparing none.
A ſcrutinuous *judgement* will the *Type* reſſent,
You may imagine, 'Tis *DEATH'S Parliament*.
Upon the *World* it's pow'rful *Foot* doth tread,
For, all the world or is, or ſhall be *dead*.
One *hand* the *Scepter*, t'other holds our *Mirrour*,
In courteſie to ſhew poor *fleſh* its *errour*:
If *men* forget themſelves, *It* tells 'em home,
They're *Duſt* and *Aſhes*, All to *this* muſt come.
To view their *fate* herein, ſome will forbear,
Who *wave* all thought of *Death* as too ſevere:
But know, *Death* (though't be *unknown* how *nie*)
A *Point*, on which depends *ETERNITIE*,
Either to live *Crown'd* with peptetual *Bliſſe*,
Or howl *tormented* in *Hell's* dark *Abyſſe*.
With *winged haſte* our brittle *lives* do paſs,
As runs the gliding *Sand* i'th' *Hour-Glaſs*.

If more you would, continue on your *Look*
No more upon the *Title*, but the *Book*.

Hopton.

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With *winged haſte* our brittle *lives* do paſs,
As runs the gliding *Sand* i'th' *Hour-Glaſs*.

If more you would, continue on your *Look*
No more upon the *Title*, but the *Book*.

O that they were Wise, *that they vnderſtood* This, *that they would* Conſider *their latter* End! *Deut: 32.29*

——— MORS ſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula. ——— *Iuvenal*

THE MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT:

Concerning the contempt of the World, or the Meditation of Death, of *Philip* King of Macedon, *Saladine*, *Adrian*, and *Alexander* the Great.

By

Le *Sieur* de la Serre, Historiographer of France.

Transcribed English from the French, by *T. Cary*, Esq.

Horat.

Omnem crede Diem tibi diluxisse Supremum.

LONDON,
Printed by *E. T.* for *R. Thrale*, and are to be sold at his shop at the Sign of the Cross-Keyes, at *Pauls* Gate. 1658.

TO THE KING of Great RITAIN.

SIR,

IF *the Greatneſs of* Kings *derive its value and luſtre from the number of* Vertues *which they poſſeſs*; *I render you now the* homage *of my* obſervance, *and* ſubmiſſions, *as to one of the* greateſt Monarchs *of the World*, *ſince*

you are the Majesty *of all* Vertues *together. What an agreeable compulsion is this, to see a man's self powerfully forced to become the* subject *of a* forain Prince, *by the soveraign authority of his* merit ? *To this point am I reduced,* SIR, *your all-royal* perfections *im pose upon me so absolutely such sweet lawes of* servitude, *that I have no more liberty, but to accept its* yoak. *And in* this, *my inclination and duty make a fresh injunction over me, which dispute preheminence with all the rest : for who can keep himself from rendring* homage *to your* Majesty, *the onely fame of whose Renown captivates through all the* Universe, *instructing us, that you are as absolute*

lute over your Passions, *as over your* Subjects; *and that you reign as* Soveraign *in the esteem of* men, *as in your* Royal Estates: *And the Truth of* this *set your* glory *at so high a* worth, *that the* felicity *on't may perhaps be* envied *you: but the like* Merit *not to be* reacht *by others, because Nature is very sparing of the like* gifts, *and Heaven does not every day such* miracles. *For me, I am but one of the* Admirers, *not of the* greatnesse *of your Dominion* (although only the vast extent of the Ocean marks out its limites) *but of all the* divine qualities *which you only possess in proper as a* Good, Time, Fate, *nor* Death *can take from you. Nor is this the* all in all,

to be Wise, Valiant, *and* Generous, *in the height of Native deduction; All these Titles of* Honour *have degrees of* eminence, *which mark out to us the gradations of their several perfections, and whereof your* Majesty *shewes us now the onely* pattern, *having in possession all admirable* Vertues, *with so much purity and luster, as dazles its very* envyers, *and forces them to* adore *that in your* Majesty, *which elsewhere they* admire *not. And it is my belief, that you stand thus unparalled even amongst your* semblables, *since besides the* Crowns *of your Cradle, you carry above them* others, *and such as shall exempt you from the* Grave. *I avow, that I have studied long*

time

time to ſpeak condignely of your Majeſty; *but although my* pains *and* watchings *are* equally unprofitable, *my* defect *yet is ſtill* glorious *howſomever, that it is a* ſhadow *from your* Light. *It ſufficeth me to have taken Pen in hand, to publiſh onely, that I am*

SIR,

Your MAJESTIES

Moſt humble, and moſt

obeiſant Servant,

P. *de la* SERRE.

TO THE QUEEN Of Great BRITAIN.

MADAME,

I Could not *approach*, but with a *MIRROVR* in my *hand*, before your *Majesty*, the *splendour* of whose *magnificence* dazles so powerfully all the *world*, that I am not able to

to behold the *immediate preſence* on it, but by the *reflection* of its *Rayes*. Without fiction, *MADAME*, your *Glory* is arrived to the *point* of rendring your *perfections* ſo unknown, as being ſo above the *commune*, that *I* believe moſt men *honour you* now by *obſervance* and *example* onely, as not able *otherwiſe* to *reach* the depth of the *juſt reaſons* they might have for it. Nor is this *All*, to ſay that you are *ſolely fair*, and *perfectly chaſte*; but it is *neceſſary*, beyond all *this*, to *intimate ſecretly*, in the *Language* of *Thought*, all the *divine qualities* which you *poſſeſs* of *Supereminence* in all *things*, ſince their *purity* cannot diſcend to the *capacity*

city of our *discourse*, without suffering a kind of *prophanation*. From hence is it, that if *I* should call you, *The compleatly-perfect*, I might well say in effect that which you are; but *never* thus should I represent the *greatness* of your *merits*, since every of *them* in it self ha's such *particular perfections*, as might challenge *Altars* from us, if your *humility* could permit it. These are such *Truths* (*MADAME*) as hinder me from *praising* your *Majesty*, not knowing how to *express* my self *condignely*. Well might I perhaps suggest it to *remembrance*, that your *particular inclinations* are the *publick Vertues* which we *adore*, and that of the

the ſame *temperament* of humour, *Nature* compoſed heretofore the *Sages* of the *World*: But of all theſe *diſcourſes* notwithſtanding, I cannot frame one onely *praiſe* ſufficiently *adequate* to your *worth*, ſeing it is *elevated* beyond all *Eulogiums*. Inſomuch, that if *Admiration* it ſelf teach not a new *Language* to *poſterity*, wherein to proclaim *aloud* the *favours* and *graces* wherewith *Heaven* hath accompliſht you; it muſt content it ſelf, to *reverence* your *Name*, and *adore* your *Memory*, without preſumption of *ſpeech* of your *actions*, as being *ever* above all *valuation*, as well as *imitation*. To inſtance the *immortalitie*

of your *AVGVSTICK Race*, although it be a pure *Source of Honour*, which can never be *dryed up*; yet all these *Titles* of a *Kings Daughter*, *Sister*, and *VVife*, can never adde to your *Renown*, which derives its *value* rather from the *admirabilities* of your *Life*, then the *greatness* of your *Birth*. Insomuch (*MADAME*) that the *Scepters* and *Crowns* of your *Royalties*, are the meanest *Ornaments* wherewith your *Majestie* can *deck* it self; since the least glymse of the least of your *Actions*, duskes the luster of all the other *magnificences*, which environ you. And I believe, had those *Wonders of the World* been of such a *worth*, as every day

day you *descry*, they had powerfully *resisted* against the *assaults* of *Ages*: but as they had nothing *admirable* in them, but the *Name*, *Memorials* have *preserved that*, and let *them perish*. But yours (*MADAME*) which are *too perfect* for a *sutable Name* shall not cease to *survive* the *revolutions* of *Times*, as being *enlivned* by *Vertue*, which alone can exempt from *Death*. Let it not seem *strange* then, if I hazard the *perils* of the *Sea*, to render *Homage* to a *Queen*, whose *Greatness* perforce *humbles* the most *arrogant spirits*, being not able, so much as in *thought*, to *reach* to the *first degree* of her *Glory*. The *Graces* themselves

are *hers*, and the *VERTVES* have *allianced* their *own* and *her Name*; and all the *adorable qualities* which are found here *below*, are *admirable* in her *alone*, as in their *Source*, *I* am conſtrained to be *ſilent* (*MADAME*) being over charged with too much *ſubject* of *ſpeech*. The *number* of your *Perfections* aſtoniſhes me, the *greatneſs* of your *Merit* raviſhes me, the *ſplendour* of your *Vertue* dazles me: And in this *dazle*, this *tranſport*, this exceſs of *admiration*, wherein my *ſenſes* and *ſpirits* are all alike *engaged*, I am compeled to caſt my ſelf at the *feet* of your *Majeſty*, and demand

mand *pardon* of the boldneſs which I aſſume onely to enjoy the *ſtile* of

MADAME

Your MAJESTIES

Moſt humble, and moſt obeiſant Servant,

P. *de la* SERRE.

TO THE

QUEEN

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

Upon the

MIRROUR

Which flatters not, Of le *Sieur* de la *SERRE.*

SONNET.

PRinceſs, this perverſe *Ages* glorious *gemme*,
Whoſe leaſt of *Vertues* ſeems a *prodigie*;
Illuſtrious *Sien*, of the faireſt *Stemme*,
That *Heaven* e're ſhew'd this *Univerſe's* eye;

Though

Though *Fate* with thousand *hind'rances* averse,
Barres me the *place*, to which my *duty's* bent:
I cannot cheer my *Soul* from *self-torment*,
But by *design* to pourtray *you* in Verse.
But since that *Serres* shew's in this true *Mirrour*
The *Vertues* of your *Mind's* eternal splendour,
As lively as your *Body's* beautious measure,
My heed to view *you here*, lets others pass;
So well I here *agnize* all *your* rare *treasure*,
That I ne're saw a better *Crystal-Glass*.

Par le Sr. C.

TO THE AUTHOR, upon the same subject.

STANCES.

DIvine Spirit, *knowing* Soul,
Which with lovely sweet controul
Rank'st our Souls *those* good rules *under*,
Which thy Pen *layes down with* wonder,
Whil'st the sweetness *of thy* Voice
Breathes oracular *sacred noise.*

All thy Works *so well esteem'd*
Thorough Europe, proofes *are deem'd*
Of thy Gifts, *which* all *admire*,
Which such Trophies *thee acquire.*
And with these thy Muse *invested*,
Orpheus *is by* thee *out-crested.*

Also since blind Ignorance
Makes no more abode *in* France,
Seldome can we *meet with such*,
As the works *of thy sweet touch*:

Such

Such immortal ſtraines *of ſpirit*,
As do thouſand Laurels *merit*.

But although thy active Muſe
Wonders *did before* produce,
As we ſeldome *ſee the like*;
This *doth with* amazement *ſtrike:*
'Tis a Mirrour, *that doth* ſhine
More with Fire, *then* Cryſtaline.

'Tis a Mirrour never flatters,
On my eyes *ſuch* rayes *it ſcatters*,
That therewith I daz'led *am*,
Searching for thee *in the* ſame,
By ſome charm, *or ſtranger* caſe,
I ſee thy ſpirit, *not thy* face.

This ſtrange faſhion *doth* amaze *me*,
When I (*ne're ſo little*) gaze *me*,
I am ſtreight all on a fire,
The more I look, *more I* admire:
'Tis a mirrour *ſure of* flame,
Sparkling, *more we* mark *the* ſame.

Yet not every prying eye
Shall it-ſelf *herein* eſpie;
'Tis not for ſo commune uſe,
Free from flattering abuſe;
None ſo clearly *here are* ſeen,
As King Charles, *and his* fair Queen.

Therefore thus the Author *meant*,
To the World *it to* preſent;
Since it is a thing ſo rare,
And unparallelled fair;
That it ſhould a Tablet *bee*
For the faireſt *he could ſee.*

Serres, *this thy* work-man-ſhip
Doth my ſpirit *over-ſtrip*,
With ſuch judgement, *and ſuch* grace,
Thou do'ſt ſhew *in* little ſpace
Three *ſtrange* Wonders, *without* errour,
Two *bright* Suns *in* one *clear* Mirrour.

And by this thy rare *compoſure*,
Shall thy Name, *beyond encloſure*
Of this preſent Age, *obtain*
Eternal honour *for thy pain:*
Writing to theſe Princes Graces,
Thou art prais'd *in* thouſand places.

Par le meſme.

Upon

Upon the Book.

SONNET.

HEre, undiſguis'd, is ſeen in this *true Mirrour*
The *glory*, or the *ſhame* of *mortal ſtory*,
As *Reaſon*, or the miſs-led *ſenſes errour*,
Do *win* the *day*, or *yield* the *Victory*:
Serres doth here *lively delineate*
Our *every-dayes* vain wretched *paſſages*,
And what is *deſtin'd* after *Funeral ſtate*,
To *innocent pureneſs*, or *black wickedneſs*.
Such *diverſe ſubjects* in this *one* incloſed,
Such *various objects* to the *view* expoſed.
Thou little *Monarch*, *Man*, ſmall *Univerſe*,
Thy *Soul* it *leſſons* thus, and thee *informes*,
As thou art *Soul*, with *henvenly fires* converſe,
As thou art *Fleſh*, thou art a *Bait* for *wormes*.

To

To the Reader.

IT *may, perhaps, seem* strange, *that I treat so often in my* Works *of the same* matter, *as of the* contempt *of the* World, *and* Meditations *of* Death: *But if the importance of the* subject *be considered, and the* profit *to be derived thence, a* Man *will never be weary of seeing such* fair truths *under* different

ferent preſentations. *Beſides, the* conceptions *of* ſpirit *upon the ſame* matter, *are like the* productions *of* Nature *in the* Species's *of* Tulips: *Every* year *ſhe gives a* Change, *both to their* Colour, *and* Array. *And though they be ſtill* Tulips, *ſhe* renders *them ſo* different *from their firſt* reſemblance, *that they can* hardly *otherwiſe be* known, *but by the* name. *The* Mind *doe's the ſame, upon the ſame* ſubject; *its* Fan-

Fancies, *which are its* ornature, *and* embliſhment, *render it by their* diverſity *ſo* different *from it* ſelf, *that it is hardly* known, *but by the* Titles, *which it* bears, *to particularize each* conceit. *So that if* once again *I* repreſent *unto thee the* pourtrait *of* Vanity, *and the Image of* Death, *my* ſpirit, *which hath* ſteaded *me for* Pencil, *and* colouring *in this* VVork, *hath rendred it ſo* rare *in its* Novelty,

and

and ſo excellent *in* diffe-
rence *from thoſe which*
have preceded, *that thou*
ſhalt find nothing in it *com-*
mune with them, *but my*
name. *Thou mayeſt* con-
ſider *moreover*, *that I de-*
dicate Books to Kings *and*
Queens *not every* day, *and*
that theſe objects *of ſuch*
eminent magnificence *do*
ſo nobly rouze *the* facul-
ties *of my* Soul, *that I*
could not have petty
thoughts *for ſuch* high
Perſonages. *It is that*,
which

which without oſtentation, *makes me* believe, *that if thou* buy *once again this* Book, *and tak'ſt the pains to* read *it, thou wilt* regreet *neither the* Time, *nor* Money, *which thou ſhalt* employ *therein*. ADIEU.

If thou beeſt of ſo good an humour, to pardon the Faults, excuſe thoſe of the Impreſsion.

The

The Scope addreſt to the SERIOUS.

LEt merrier Spleens read *Lazarill'*, or laugh
At *Sancho Pancho*, or the *Grapes-blood* quaffe;
And tickle up their *Lungs* with interlace
Of *Tales*, and *Toyes*, that furrow up the face
With wrinckling *Smiles:* But if they *abuſive* be
To ſlight *theſe hints* of their *Mortalitie*,
Urg'd by our *Authour*; 'tis a *fooliſh way*,
And weakly does become *corruptive Clay*.
If they do meerly *carp*, and lye o'th' catch,
Harm be to them, that onely for harm watch.
Solomon ſaid it, *the deriding ſcornes*
Of fools are but cracklings of flaming thorns.
Let them that will our *ſober ſadneſs* ſhun,
Go to the *merry Devil of Edmonton*,
Or ſome ſuch *Plot*, whoſe *Author's* drift hath bin
To ſet the people on the merry pin.

Here

Here is no *Scope* for such as love to jeer,
Nor have we *Theam* for *Panto-Mimicks* here.
They that are *ravisht* with each *jygging Toy*,
Let'em *laugh* on, and jolly *mirth* enjoy.
Fairly be this a *warning*, here's no *sport*,
And 'tis all one, if they be *sorry* for't,
Or if they *care* not. Sit they *merry* then,
Here's for the *Genius* of more *solide men*.
Serres salutes the *serious*; who are such,
Their better-moulded *intrals* he doth twich
With stirring *truths*, and weigh'em to the poize
Of equal *judgment*, without *gigling* noise.
Sad *Meditations* here compose the *Look*
Socratick-like, with no *flash-humour* shook;
Dust, *Earth*, and *Ashes* are the *Epithites*
Here propriate to the *best*, and all the *Sights*
Expos'd in this *True Mirrour* to the *Eye*,
Are *Death*, the *Grave*, and the World's *Vanitie*,
The *frailty* of *mankind*; and some have try'de,
Such *pensive thoughts* will *lay* the *dust* of *Pride*.

THE

THE PARAGRAPHS,

(So comprized in the *Emblemes*) giving subject to the *Author's* Discourses following.

I.

PHilip, *the King of* Macedon
Daily was rowz'd, *and call'd upon*
By a shrill Page, *whose* Bon-jour *ran*,
Remember, SIR, you are a Man.

II. *A*

II.

A Shirt *is* all *remains in* fine,
To victorious Saladine,
At Death, *a* piece *of* Linnen *is*
All, *that Great* Monarch *could*
call his.

III.

Adrian *slights* Triumphal glory,
In the Grave *founds his* prime sto-
ry,
Before all pomp *he doth preferre*
His Mausolæan Sepulcher.

IV.

Diogenes, *in* Cynick *guise*,
Puts Alexander *to surmise*,
I'th' Miscellany *of the* Dead,
Which is a King's, *or* Common's
Head.

A Morallize *on theſe*, Sieur Serres *writes*,
Nor Comick Geſts, *nor* amorous toy's *endites*,
Their Paphian Dames *whil'ſt others looſely ſing*,
The Knell *of* Death *his ſolemn* ſtyle *doth ring*:
Thoſe ſubject, *which whole* heards *of* Poets *uſe*
Thred-bare, *his nobler* Soul *diſdains to chuſe*:
While richly ſuch a Reader *Theſe will fit*,
Whoſe judgement *prizeth* wiſdome *above* Wit.

A PRO-

A

PROLUSON

Upon the EMBLEME *of the first Chapter.*

RIse, for a *serene Morne* brings on the *Day*,
The *Sun* is mounted onward of his *way*,
The *Anthymne's* high among the feather'd *Quires*,
A lively breath the agile *Aire* inspires.
Draw-ope the *Curtains* do not close the *Eye*
From the *fresh beauties* of the *Azure-Skie*.
Mark what a smart *Bon-jour* his *Page* did bring
Each *Morne* to PHILIP, *Macedonia's* King,
REMEMBER (*Royall Sir*) YOV ARE A MAN,
The *hours* are wing'd, the length of *life's* a *span*.

This

This pow'rful *hint* ſtirr'd up the *King* to *riſe*,
Whoſe name *Heroick deeds* immortalize.
Groſs-vapour'd, heavy-headed *ſleepers* wake,
In the bright *Morne* no more ſoft *ſlumbers* take:
For *Action* Man was *made* Our *Life's* a *Race*,
He that would *win* the *Prize*, muſt *run* apace.
Be not *enchanted* with the lulling *Down*,
That *charmes* the *ſenſes* in *Lethargick ſwown*;
Leave the *encloſure* of *Bed-Canopie*,
And give the *view* more ſpacious *Libertie*:
Forſake the *grave-type Couch*, where *Death* doth keep
His nightly *Seſſions*, imaged by *Sleep*.
He that's a *Dormouſe* for the time is *dead*,
And is *entomb'd* already in his *Bed*.
Who knowes how ſoon that *ſheet*, whereon he *lyes*,
May ſingle ſerve t' *enwrap* him when he *dye*?
How ſoon theſe lazy *feather-bedded bones*
May *Coverletted* be with *Marble-ſtones*?
Where

Where no *joint-ſuppling-warmth* ſhall
give *refreſh*
To high-fed *veins*, nor eaſe improved
fleſh;
Where thoſe puffe *groſſures*, which o're-
curious *coſt*
Hath *ſurfet-ſwoln*, are *putrified*, and *loſt*,
Who would be *Epicurian*, ſince 'tis thus
We that *eat* all things elſe, *worms* will
eat Us?
Or who would be o're-haughty, ſince
to *Earth*
He muſt *return*, as thence he had his
Birth?
Mean while, 'though *life*'s *quick-ſand*
doth *hourly paſs*,
A ſluggard *ſleeps* out more then half his
Glaſs.
Be *Active* while you may, for *Time*'s
poſt haſte
Spurs on each forward *Minute* to the *laſt*.
Such thoughts as theſe beſt fit the *Mor-
ning*'s prime,
To *Rouze* Men's *Spirits* to *Redeem* the
Time.
Let ſuch our *Matters* be, ere *Death*'s
ſad *Knell*.
Summon our wand'ring *Souls* to *Hea-
ven* or *Hell*.

THE

PHILIP *King of* MACEDON *comanded one of his Pages to Awake him euery Morning, & Call aloud to him* SIR Remember *that* You *are a* MAN.

THE MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. I.

MAN, *remember thou art Man*, never forget thy name, if thou wilt not forget thy safety: Thou art called *Earth*, thou art made but of *Earth*; but the *Earth* subsists, and thou vanishest; but the earth remaines firm, and thy dust flyes away: Study thy miseries, Meditate thy disasters. Thou art nothing in effect, but if thou be any thing imaginable, I dare not so much as compare thee unto a dream, because

Homo ab humo.

Man is a thing of nothing, onely in appearance somwhat.

the frailty of thy nature hath some-thing both more feeble, and leſſe conſtant: an Apparition hath above thee the ſimplicity of the Elements, whereof it is compoſed, a ſhadow implies yet the advantage of the Nobleneſſe of its beginning, ſince the light produceth it. Nay laſtly, a very ſtraw, or an atome, diſpute againſt thee alſo with reaſon, for the purity of ſubſtance, ſince they are corruptible, without infection, but thy heap of filth gives horrour to thy own thoughts; inſomuch that I am conſtrained to match thee to thy ſelf, for to ſuggeſt thee the truth of thy ſlightneſſe?

One cannot give the deſcription of Man, but by miſery, nor of miſery but by Man.

What a goodly Schoole is the world? and our condition a fair book: and all the ſad accidents, to which Nature ſubjects it, as ſo many gracious Leſſons?

May not a man juſtly ſay that the earth is a Colledge, wherein the diverſity of Times and Ages, ſign out the diverſity of Claſſes, in which we may equally make the courſe both of our ſtudies and dayes, under the way of thoſe miſeries, which accompany

company us without ceaſe: the poorneſſe of our way of birth, may ſtead us as a rudiment in the firſt Claſſe: the cries and teares of the cradle, are our Grammar, the creeping weakneſſe, and pittiful infirmities of Boyage like ſo much Rhetorick, and now can there be a more ſubtil Philoſophy, than that of the conſideration of the calamities which are deſtined to youth? Is it not eaſie to become a great Naturalliſt by vertue of meditating the fruitfulneſſe of our nature in the production both of ils, and paines which continually afflict us? and what better Metaphyſicks, than contemplations of our Being, ever rowling to its ruine? Let us draw then the concluſion of this Argument, and joyn with as much reaſon as intereſt to theſe two Volumes ſo renowned, the Bible, and the face of Heaven, where all ſorts of Sciences are in their ſource. *This* alſo of our mortall and decaying nature, ſince it inſtructs us the Art to pry our ſelves in our Corruptions, that we may recover our ſelves in immortality.

Miſhaps and pains are the fruites of the garden of our life

He which goes out Doctor in the knowledge of himſelfe, is ignorant of nothing.

Death & immortality are onely ſeparated, but with the length of an inſtant.

Man of nothing.

When I consider that the Earth was created of nothing, and Man made of this nothing, and the greatnesses which environ him, are nothing at all, and all the pleasures which he idolatrizeth, are also of the same stuffe: I remain all confused with astonishment, nor ever able to conceive the subject of his vanity, nor the reason of his arrogance, poor corrupted Vapour with advancing it self, is soon transformed into a Cloud, to conceale its noysomnesse, but yet by way of this elevation, is resolved into Lightnings and Thunder, and afterward retumbles into the ditches from whence first it had its beginning. A puffe of wind which rumbles in its own violence, angry perhaps that it cannot subsist, but in flying, and that the action of its continuall flight, is the beginning of its ruine. A smoak, which with a vain assault will needs scale the Heavens, and yet hardly can one well distinguish the intervall between its first Being and extinction: a poor glistering Worm which dazles none but purblind spirits, and gives light to those

The world subsists not, but upon the foundation of its continuall revolution

A vapour.

Man elevating himself too high measures the depth of the Abysses of his Precipice.

A Blast

Smoake.

theſe wormes, which devoure it in private, A ſtream alwaies murmuring, alwaies trilling away, And now why ſhall all theſe goodly nullities, and all theſe pleaſant *Chimera's* inſinuate to us the vanity which they are of? ſhall theſe cozening appearances be ſtabliſh'd here below with Soveraignty? be it then only in deſire, or in dream, for with what gilded rind ſo ere they be our-ſided, Corruption is their Form, and Duſt their Matter.

A worm. We are al already, but rot-tenneſſe, ſince already wormes begin to devour us. A ſtream. Every thing corrupt, the very eye which now reads theſe truths ſhall not be exempt.

I am aſtoniſhed that Man ſhould be capable to miſtake himſelf, even to the point of forgetting what he was, then, when he yet was not: what he is now, whilſt he enjoys the beauty of the day, and what he muſt one day be at the Sun-ſet of his life: Aſſuredly yes, I am aſtoniſht at it, ſince all created things may ſerve him for a *Mirrour* to contemplate therein, apparently the verity of his miſeries.

Nature exhibits us ſo many Mirrours of Inconſtancy, as ſhe hath produced objects.

The Heavens, though whirling about with a Motion, alwayes equall in the ſame ſpaces of their carreere, do not ceaſe to wax old, and even

Since that Nature it self is mortall, this second cause ceasing the ruine of these effects is infallible.

their age represents to us naturally our decay. Though the Stars shine with a sparkling luster, as clear as at the first Day of their creation, yet as they are attached within those circles of Ages, whose continuall motion is limited, they approach by little and little to their last West, where their light must be extinct, and the pace of their course shews us the way of our life, since time conducts us all together, though diversly to our end. The Fire so greedy, that it devours it self, when finding no more fuell to nourish it, is it not a Mirrour of the Lamp of our life, whose kindled week goes out, when the Oyle of the Radicall moysture fails it? The Air, which corrupts continually, is it not an Image of our corruption? & without doubt the Waters transparent body, represents us the fragility of ours, and its liquid crystalline, always rolling away makes us see in its gliding, our flitting nature. The earth could not have figured us better then she doth, since we are to day of the same matter, and to moroow of the

Every thing flees away from us, and in running after them we turn to our death.

the like form. What fairer Mirrour then that of Flowers, where we may ſee in one day the whole courſe of our life, for at Sun-riſe the buds reſemble our Infancy, at noone the ſame now full blown, our youth, and at Dayes-end themſelves now quite withered our laſt age, I will not ſpeak of all the other Spices of creatures animates, how every one in its ſelf, though living, is an Image of death. It ſufficeth me to cheriſh this remembrance, and leave to you thereof the meditation.

The world is a Noſegay of flowers, which by little and little wither all togeth.r.

What ſhall I tell ye of Fortune, of honours, riches, and all theſe glorious qualities of valour, Beauty and a thouſand other beſides, which vaniſh away with us? This blinde Goddeſſe hath a Mirrour under her feet, whoſe round figure ſhews us at once, both her inſtability, and our inconſtancy, as for greatneſſe and riches, the aſhes of thoſe which have poſſeſt them, are as ſo many freſh Cryſtals of a Mirrour, *which flatters not*, wherein we may ſee the vanity both of their enjoyment, and of their poſſeſſors. Thoſe other

Fortune hath nothing more her own, then her Inconſtancy.

There is nothing immortal in man but vertue.

qualities of fair and valiant, are of the same nature, as those sensitive and vegetable souls, which die together with the subject which they animate, without leaving ordinarily so much as one small memoriall, for marke that they have had a being otherwise: and in sequell to these truths, can you finde a truer *Mirrour*, then this of our selves, since every part, (nay what say I?) every action, and every sigh is an animate pourtrait of Death; Insomuch that we draw the breath of so many continuate Gaspes, without ability of dispose of one onely instant, to give intervall to this exercise.

Man is the Mirrour of Man, so that by due contemplation of one part, he may save the whole

How is it then possible that Man should miss know himself, having such faithfull *Mirrours* before his eyes, where at all times he may see apparently the Truth of his Nature kneaded in Corruption, formed by it, and destroyed also by the same; Strange thing! he can see nothing in the World, but Images of inconstancy, and yet will not apprehend his own change: whatsoever shall smite upon his eare, will resound nothing

All the Objects of the world bid us Adue, while we but regard them since they are always fleeing away.

nothing but the bruit of his flight, & yet he wil not think upon his retreat.

To must always of Death, is the way of immortality,

Laſtly his other Senſes, and his fancy, ſhall have no other object but this of the continuall viciſſitude of all things, and yet he will remain firm and ſtable in his vanity, till death ruine its foundation. Thus in the deceitfull opinion, wherein he is, of poſſeſſing all things, he looſeth the poſſeſſion of himſelf, and having too much dreamed on his pleaſures, his Life is paſt as a Dream without return. I muſt tell you one of my meditations.

A man may well complain against Fortune, theſe vain regrettes, exempt him not from the pain.

I ſhall never be able to comprehend the meaning of thoſe, who moan themſelves againſt Fortune, the World & all the pleaſures of this life. One forſooth will upbraid to this fooliſh Deity, her deceipts without conſidering that he deceived himſelf in giving Truſt to a Goddeſſe that near had any. He yet will accuſe her to have conducted him ſtill through craggy ways, and over-ſpread with thorns, as if in following one that is blinde a man ſhould not hazard to run *this danger.*

The world may well be the instrument of our destruction, not the cause.

Another will make ye fresh complaints against the World detesting it's Sweets, cursing it's charms and calling it a Thousand times, deceiptfull, but why? one would say to hear these plaints, that the world began but now to receive its birth, I mean were but now newly created, that no man knows it yet, and that its first couzenages began, but now to be discovered? What folly! is not this to cheat ones self, to have commerce with a cheater? the world never yet bore any other name or title, why then aym we to nourish our selves with its delights, whose after-bitternes impoysons sensibly our souls? But if its charms be powerful enough to tempt reason they are yet too feeble to vanquish it, provided that the wil consent not so, that a man remain convict of all the crimes, whereof he may be accused.

The number of those whom the world hath deceived, is so great, that they that still trust it, are now no more excusable.

What seeming ground then have we to be enraged against those pleasures which we have received, if our selves only give them both being and form? the Fancies conceive these delights, & the will gives them birth,

The will is so free that it cannot suffer violence, but from it self.

they

they are the works whereof our imaginations form the Spices, and our desires make the Metamorphosis, changing them into objects palpable, and sensible, which are marks of the seal of our depravedness.

Pleasures are the greatest enemies of life, for in casting flowers upon our heads, they fill our hearts with thorns.

Let a man then abhor pleasures instead of accusing them, detest their vanity in lieu of complaining of deceitfulness. But if they be criminall, they onely bear the stain of their Fathers, and if they be complices of our destruction, tis we give them Birth, to give us death.

Let men cease to lament of Fortune, since the Mirror of its flying scarse, and wings expresse to the life its lightness, and our folly.

Fortune is still her self, he which trusts her, takes delight to be cheated.

Let none Argue any more that the world is cause of our ruine, since we cannot chuse but tread every hour over the dust and ashes of those, who have too late repented to have followed it. As for voluptuousness, tis a vain *Idæa*, to which our passions give a body, to make it serve as a sensible object of their brutality, insomuch that it can do nothing, but by our first motions,

Pleasure still takes its force from our voluntary weakness. 'Tis more then folly, when the folly of others, serves us not for example.

tions, taking its vigour from our force, and its power from our Soverainty, and this renders us doubly culpable, palleating our faults, instead of acknowledging them, since laments, rather than excuses, might absolve us them.

Is it not that St. *John Chrysostome* toucht with compassion of our miseries cries out in astonishment of our weaknes: *Oh World how many hast thou deceved*! but this is its trade and profession. *Oh Fortune how many hast thou made to fall*! but even yet still, while I am speaking, she gives employment to her treason, and exercise to her Tyranny. *O Pleasures comfitted in Sweets, and yet steeped in bitter sneese, how many have ye poysoned*! but yet their venome is so common, that the whole earth is infected with it. What remedy then to all these ils? No other then this, to pry into ones self, in the *MIRROUR* of his own Ashes, A MIRROUR always hanging at the Girdle, and *which flatters not*. A MIRROUR whose glasse, though more brittle, then one of Chrystall, makes us

We can no better contemplate any thing, then in the Mirrour of our Nothing.

yet

yet to ſee that all the objects of the World are falſe, but that of our *Corruption*, a *Mirrrour*, which repreſents us more lively in our pourtraict, then in our ſelves, A *Mirrour*, whoſe kind of ſhadow and *Chimera* makes us ſee in effect, that which we are in appearance.

All the Mirrours of the World flatter, except this of our miſeries.

A *Mirrour* all miraculous, which preſerves certain Species's of nothing to render them ſenſible to our knowledge. A *Mirrour* all divine which metamorphoſing our bodies into ſhadows, yet expreſſes us ſo naturally, that the moſt arrogant cannot m'ſtake themſelves. A *Mirrour* laſtly, which Nature hath charmed with it's own proper ſpels, to the end, that viewing himſelf herein, a Man may be able to reſiſt the charms of the World's allurements.

I am greatly aſtoniſht at thoſe that preach us the Knowledge of our ſelves, to be ſo troubleſom, & difficult, ſince at all times, and in all places, of all ſides & of all ſorts of faſhions, we are nothing at all, or if by an exceſſe of flattery and vanity, I borrow ſome

If a man would still study himself he would become the wisest of the World.

some names to expresse truly what we are, it can be no other then those of dust and mire, whose noysomnesse takes away all doubt on it, from the most incredulous.

Self-knowledge onely difficile to the proud.

In what then consists this trouble of studying to know one's-self, since the most ignorant may in this, go out Doctors in the schoole of our miseries: where lies the difficulty to arrive to this knowledge? when the very wind of our sighs carries away, every moment, some of that polluted dust, whereof we be made. Where is this pain, say I yet, since our senses and spirits can have no other object then this of Inconstancy, as unseparable to their nature, as it is proper to our condition. And what can be this difficulty, when we are, capable of no action more, then to destroy our selves? We must break this rinde farther.

Humility is a skilfull Schoolemaster, to teach us to know our selvs.

I will beleeve that every one knows *from whence he comes and whither he goes*, that his body is but a work of rottennesse, and that the worms attend thereof the prey, as a nourishment which to them is destinated:

deſtinated: but it is important to consider that theſe truths, though ſenſible, are oftenest put in oblivion, and this default of memory denotes that of knowledge. He which muſeth upon his ſlightneſſe undervalueth (except God) all things and vanity would never be able to ſurpriſe us, during the interim of this meditation. Man knows very well that he is Mortall, but whilſt he never thinks ſeriouſly of the neceſſity of dying, this knowledge is forgot, though he dye without ceaſe, and in looſing the remembrance of his condition, looſes the knowledge thereof.

A man knows no more then he remembers.

The remembrance of Death makes us forget the vanities of Life.

Remember that you are a Man ſaid his page every morning to *Philip* of *Macedon*. This great Monarch made himſelf to be rouzed every day from ſleep, with *the News of Death*, fearing to be charmed with the *ſweets of Life*. Greatneſſes environ him on all parts, to make him forget his humility, but underſtand you not the delicate air, which he cauſes to be ſung to the tune of his miſeries: the pompe and Mag-

The way to paſſe our days contentedly, is to think every hour of the laſt.

The remembrance of the poorneſs of Death, is a potent charm to reſiſt the memory of greatneſſe of Birth.

Magnificence of his riches dazle his eyes with their luſtre, that he might never conſider the wretchedneſſe which is proper to him. But you ſee how he makes himſelf to be awaked with the noyſe of this truth, ever to cheriſh its remembrance: *Sir remember that you are a Man*; oh how many Myſteries are compriſed in theſe words! behold the Allegory on't.

If we be different in manner of life, we are all equall in neceſſity of dying.

Great Kings remember you are ſubject to many more Miſeries, then you have ſubjects in your Empire. *Great Monarchs remember* that of all the great extention of your *Territories* there ſhall not remain you one onely foot, ſo jealous are the worms of your glory. *Great Princes remember* that your Scepters and your Crowns, are ſuch feeble *marks* of greatneſſe, that fortune ſports with them, Time mocks at them, and the Wind ſhall ſweep away their Duſt: Soveraign Judges *of the Life of Men*, *remember* that although you are above the Lawes, *This* of Dying is inviolable.

The *Fable* is pretty, of the reſo-

lution,

lution, which the flowers and plants took to elect a King and Queen, and as the number of Voyces gave the election, the *Marigold* was declared to be the King of the Flowers, and the *Bryar* Queen of Plants, and under this toy lies hid serious verities.

Cares and anxieties surpass in number the pleasure of Kings.

Is there any thing fairer in all the borders of the Garden of Nature, then the flower of the *Marigold*? Its golden Tincture of the colour of the Sun, at first view dazeleth so delightfully; that the Eye amazedly gazing with admiration of its fresh-displayed beauty, can hardly retire its regards from an object so agreeable. But gather it, and dight it on you, and its sent produces a thousand dislliks in the Mind, for that one onely, which you hold in your hand, for hence of a suddain the humours become dull, and melancholly having been annoyed with so fair a fulsomneſſe.

If Crowns &c. Scepters were to be sould, wise men would never buy them.

Royalty is absolutely the same: The Scepters are as fresh flowers of *Marigold*, whose lustre and beauty equally ravishing, attract at first glance

glance to their admiration the Soul by the eyes; but if a Man take them into his graſpe, or deck his head with them, he ſhall find himſelf fill'd with anxious cares by this coverture. If you doubt of this, aske *Seleucus*, he will anſwer, That the firſt moment of his Raigne, was the laſt of his Quietneſſe.

The Sweet-bryar alſo bore away the Royalty; for who would not love it with its Roſe? O how both together have powerfull attractives, to tempt aqually, both the heart to deſire them, and the hand to pluck them? And 'tis in vain that Nature hath given arms to the jealouſie of its prickles, to ſerve for the defence of its flowers: ſince theſe ſharps are as ſo many baits, which irritate us rather with *Deſire* then *Fear*. All the world inſert it in their noſegayes; but the prickles remain, the Roſe withers.

Thorns are the Roſes of Kings gardens.

Say we then alſo, that Royalty is a fair Sweet-bryar, accompanied with its Roſes; I mean many contentments of the ſame nature. Both together have great charms to affect us

us both with love and desire, but the Bryars of the Crown remain, the Rose of delights withers. O how ponderous is the load of this greatnesse? And if you beleeve not me, enquire hereof of the puissant King *Mithridates*, he will often reiterate to you, *That he never sigh'd, but for the ponderous burden of his Crowns.*

Great miseries are destinated to great fortunes.

The felicity of Kings hath much more lustre, then Reality.

SIR, REMEMBER YOU ARE A MAN.

But what is there here to pride in? May it be of the greatnesse of his Dominions? This is but an alien good, which admits not to be possest but by vanity, since its honours and pleasures have nothing else but meere in propriety. To be an amply landed-man, is to have miry soyl to sell, and small profit to make thence.

Kings may trouble themselves to conquer the earth, it still triumphs over them.

Sir remember you are a Man. What may be his ambition? may it be to conquer the whole world, what will he do with it after conquest, since it is a Ball of snow, which Time melts by little and little, tumbling it without cessation.

Sir remember you are a Man. What might

He which makes himself to be adored, is rather fit to be Deaths Victime then to be idolatrized.

might be his designs? Should he pretend to Altars; and Temples, what oblations can be made to a Victime, whom Death holds continually at a bay? can Incense be offered to a Dunghill, or an Idoll made of a Sink? the very thought shockes common sense.

Man is so miserable, that I am amazed he pities not himself.

Sir remember that you are a Man. What can he do with his absolute power? A little stone makes him stumble; a straw can blind him; a shadow, an *Atome*, a thing of nothing are capable to reduce him to nothing at all. And is not this an object of pity, rather then of envy? Great Kings, these are truths too important for you, to lose their remembrance.

Well you may out-brave the heavens with a bitstling eye-brow: the onely imagination of its Thunderclaps holds you already in alarm. Boldly may you tread upon the Earth with a disdainfull foot; the same whereof you are made, shall shortly be so troden, when the worms are glutted with it. *Remember that you are a Man*, and that all the

the objects of riches and honours which environ you, are of the same Natureas you are. You are dying every moment, and every thing falls away without cease.

I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. Job. 17. 14.

When I represent to minde your heads, diadem'd with a rich Crown, I conceive it a little point infirm'd and closed in a circumference, whose lines abut at the center of corruption, lines of magnificence, which terminate at the point of wretchednesse.

The head that wears the crown, wears away with it.

If I consider you with Scepter in hand, methinks I see a simple shrub, planted upon worser Earth, the shrub dries up, and is reduced to dust, the ground remaines that it was before.

Scepters and the hands which hold them, are equally perishable. A strang thing that the clarity should blind us, though it be the principall of the view.

Let me contemplate you seated upon your Thrones, deckt with your richest ornaments, my imagination shews me a *Iupiter* in picture, holding the thunder in his hand; for you are so weak for all your absolute power, that if you presume hardily to raise your head, but to look upon the Sun, your eies will water at the same time, to expiate with your teares, the crime of your arrogance.

Great

Great Kings, Remember then, that you are not *Great*, but in miseries. Soveraign *Monarchs*, *Remember*, that your Empiredome is but a servitude, since you are subject to all the disasters of your subjects. Powerfull Princes, one gust of wind defies to the struggle your absolute power. *Sacred Majesties*, I salute you to day by this name: but to morrow I will change termes, and call you *Skeletons* and carkasses, to the end that in speaking this truth, all the world may know you, I will change my tone.

All the attributes of worldly glory accompany us but to the grave.

How ingenious are the *Poets* in their fancies? They recount us, how that Inconstancy being banisht from heaven, descended upon earth, with design to have her picture drawn, and upon the refuse, that *Painters* made of it, she addrest her selfe to Time, who after he had considered her in all her diversities made use at last of the visage of Man for the finishing cloath, wherein having represented her to the life, all the world took her for Man himself, since in effect 'tis but one and the same

Man serves for a shuttlecocke to all things, since all things concur to his ruine.

same thing. O fair truth discovered by a fable.

Man is Inconstancy it self, rather than its pourtraict.

He then that now would see the Image of Inconstancy, let him consider the Life-touches and lineaments of it; upon his own vilage. Our fore-head which wrinkles every moment, is it not the very same as hers? Our eies, which by continuall use every hour, do already require spectacles, are they not as hers? Our cheeks which now chap-fall are in nothing different from hers. In fine our vilages are the only *MIRROURS WHICH FLATTER NOT.*

Though a Man hides himself under the vayle of hypocrisie, his defects alwaies breake through.

But what shall we answer notwithstanding to the objection of this truth, that, that which we see of *MAN*, is not the *MAN*. If his visage like a false Horologe index false, this our pourtraict of Inconstancy is meerly imaginary:

But is there any thing more inconstant than the spirit of man? 'tis a weather-cock for all winds, behold again the first draughts of the visage of Inconstancy: must we not of necessity compare his changing humour

The spirit of Man is much more changing, than his body, for this changes onely in growing old, but that growes old onely in changing.

humour to hers, if a man would exhibit thereof but one example; and these are yet new lineamenrs, which represent us this levity. In fine, his thoughts, his desires, and all the passions of his mind, are but objects of vicissitude, capable of all sorts of impressions: so that in the perfection of the portraicture of man, Inconstancy is found perfectly depainted. Let us proceed.

Vertue onely can render us invulnerable.

A vertuous Man feares nothing.

The fictions of Poets are yet serious enough, to serve us often for sufficient entertain of the time. 'Tis they which tell us of one *Achilles*, immortall in all the parts of his body save only his heel.

Every Man would be immortal but none takes pain to acquire immortality.

Great Kings, I will, if you please take you for *Achilles's*, and will give out you are like him, invulnerable, but only in the heel. But of what temper soever your Armes be, to what purpose serve they you with this defect? This onely blot dusks the lustre of your glory. Nature has done surely well, to prodigallize upon you thus, both her graces and favours; she hath immortaliz'd you but by halfes. All your apparences

are

re divine, but ſomething within poiles all, each particular is a heel, y which Death may ſurprize you.

Shall I ſay then that you are *Achilles's*, who will believe me, ſince your heads ſerve but as Buts to the haſts of Fortune? To preach you invulnerable, a ſmall ſcratch may thereon give me the lye. Truth more powerfull than flattery conſtraines me to call you by your name, for in remembrancing you that you are but men, I ſuggeſt you to the life all the diſaſters, which accompany your life.

It is onely the conſcience of a juſt Man is of proofe, againſt the ſtroak of Time and Fortune.

Thou haſt much to doe, to make Panegyricks in praiſe of man, O *Mercury Trymegiſtus*, and to maintain ſo confidently, that he is a great miracle, it muſt be then a miracle of miſery, ſince Nature produceth nothing ſo miſerable as he is.

Man is ſo poor a thing that one cannot give him a name but is advantagious to him.

And thou *Pythagoras*, which haſt had the fore-head to perſwade us, that man was a mortal God, if thou hadſt made Anatomie of his carkaſſe the ſtench of his filth, had ſoon made thee change this langnage. *Plato* thou reaſon'ſt well upon this ſubject,

yet without ſound conſideration
then when with an enforcement o
ſpirit and eloquence, thou would
oblige us to believe, that man is o
the race of the Gods: yes ſurely, ſince
thy Gods are Gods of earth, the cauſe
is matcht to the effect, for man is o
the ſame matter. *Plotinus*, thou alſo
didſt not miſſe it, when in favour o
man, thou ſaid'ſt he was an abridg-
ment of the wonders of the world, for
ſince all its wonders heretofore ſo fa-
mous are no more but duſt and aſhes
man may hereof be the example
with good reaſon.

There is no tongue in Nature which can furniſh us with termes ſtrong enough to expreſſe the miſeries of Man.

O how much more expert is *David*
in the knowledge of our condition
when he compares man, not onely to
the duſt, but to the duſt which flies
away, to ſhow us, that, that little
which he is, ſtill flies away till it be
nothing in the end.

Memento homo quod nihil es, & in nihilu reverteris

But how glad am I O Lord, that I
am but duſt, to the end that I may fly
towards heaven, for the earth I un-
dervalue. How I am ſatisfied that I
am but *Aſhes*, that I may but be able
to keep in my ſoule ſome little ſpark-
le of thy love. What glory and

wha

what contentment too, is it to be devoured by wormes, since thou calleſt thy ſelf a *Worme*? gnaw O Lord, gnaw both my heart and intrals. I offer thee them in prey, and regive me new ones, that may offend thee no more. I know well that my life flies away by little and little, but how agreeable is this flight unto me, since thou art its object. I ſee well that my *Dayes* ſlide away, and paſſe in continuall courſe. But O what conſolation is it to be ſenſible of dying at all houres, for to live eternally. O Verities; again, what raviſhments have you to conſolate the ſoules of the moſt afflicted? I return to my ſubject.

Ego ſum vermis & non homo. Pſal. 22. 6.

We read of the Prieſts of the Gentiles, that they writ letters every yeer to their Gods, upon the Aſhes of the Sacrifices, which they made upon the top of Mount *Olympus*, & believe that this was upon deſign, that they might thus be better received, being written upon this paper of humility. Let us fetch now ſome truth from this fancy. Let us write every day to heaven upon the

Humility is ever honoured by all the world.

all the parts of the body are as so many Characters of dust wherein may be read the truth of our nothingneſs.

paper of our Aſhes, confeſſing that we are nothing elſe, and let us make our ſighs the faithfull meſſengers of theſe letters, as the onely witneſſes of our hearts. I will hide my ſelf under the *Aſhes*, O Lord, to the end that thy Juſtice may not ſee me, ſaid *David*. What Curtain is this? This Soveraign Juſtice which makes it bright day in hell, cannot pierce the *Aſhes* to find underneath a Sinner. No, no, for the vail has the vertue to reflect the beams of this revenging light within the ſource which produced them.

See ſt thou how Ahab humbleth himſelf. I will not bring the evill in his days. 1 Kings 21,29.

Remember that I am nothing, O Lord, and that thou haſt made me of nothing, and every moment canſt reduce me to ſomething leſſe then nothing; cryes out *Job*, in his miſeries. He finds no other invention to appeaſe the mild choller of his God, then putting him in mind of his infinite greatneſſe, and at the ſame time of the pitifull eſtate whereunto he is reduced. Why ſhould you take Arms againſt me, O Lord, (purſues he) when the breath of your word is able to

Recordare quaſo quod ſicut argillam feciſti me & in pulverem reduces me. Job. 10,9.

und

Humility triumphs over all things.

ndo the same, which it hath made me, *Remember, O Remember*, that I am but what the benigne influence of your divine regards permits me to be, for on the instant that you shall cease to regard me, I shall cease to live.

Man remember thy beginning, for thou art not made of Fire like the Stars, nor of Ayre like the winds, but of mire, from whence it is thou foylst all the world. He which can ever come himself shall never be vanquisht by a greater Capitain.

Deck we then with Ashes our body of Dust, and let us cover with a new earth our own, to make Ramparts of proof against the thunders of heaven. See you not how its all-powerfull Justice, finds limitation in the confession of our being nothing. We need fear nothing, acknowledging that we are nothing. Well may the thunder make a horrid rumbling, yet the Hyssope outbraves it in its lowlinesse. Fear and humility ever abandon each others company. The onely means to triumph over all things, is to vanquish Ambition.

O Lord, I durst scarse believe, that I am, If thy providence alone were not the prop of my being. But since thy goodnesse hath drawn me from the Abysse of Nothing; let thy grace cause me alwaies to

keep the remembrance of my original. Before Time was, I was Nothing, now Time is, I am yet Nothing. But what happinesse is it to be Nothing at all, since thou art All-things? for if I search my self in vain in my self, is it not sufficient that I am found in thee? I will then forget even mine own name, and muse of nothing, but of the *Chimera* of my being, since as a *Chimera* it passeth away and vanisheth. The onely consolation that remains me in my passage, is that thou alone remainest firm and stable, so that without end thou art the end of my carreere, and without bounds limitest the extent of my course, as the onely object both of my rest and felicitie. See me now upon return.

What a joy is it to passe away continually with all things, towards him that hath created all things?

With what and ever to be adored lustre, appears the love of God in his day, in the work of Man! Would not one say, that it seem'd he made him of earth, that he might strow thereon, the seeds both of his blessings and graces! O fortunate Earth, which being dili-

Heaven changes the sighs of the Earth into tears, I mean its vapours into dew.

gently

gently cultured, may bring forth the fruits of eternal happineſſe!

Boaſt thy ſelf O Man, to be Nothing but Earth, ſince the heaven bedews the Earth continually. But if with a provoked eye, it lancheth out, ſometimes its thunders upon it, her ſelf doth afford hereof the matter. *Live always Innocent, and thou ſhalt not know what 'tis to fear.* Imploy thy ſelf without ceaſe, to meaſure the depth of the Abyſſe of thy nothingneſſe; and though thou never pierce to the bottom hereof, thy paine ſhall not be unprofitable, becauſe ſeeking thy ſelf in thy baſeneſſe, thou ſhalt alwaies recover thy ſelf again much greater then thou art.

Since we are of Earth let us ſuffer this divine Sun of Love, to exhale the vapours of our ſighs for to metamorphoſe them into the tears of Repentance.

The *Sun*, this fair Planet of the *Day*, which with a continuall aſpect, contemplates all created things, cannot make reflection of his beams to ſee himſelf, as if his mother Nature had apprehended in making him ſo glorious; that the Mirrour of his light, might not be metamorphoſed into a fire of love, to render him amorous of his own proper luſtre.

We are all amorous of our ſelves not knowing for what, for our defects are objects rather of hate then Love.

A Man cannot stumble ordinarily but through perverseneſſe, ſince reaſon enlightens him in the very worſt wayes.

But the *Intellect*, *this Sun of our Soules*, has a faculty with which it can both contemplate out of it ſelf all things, and repeale again the ſame power to conſider it ſelfe, which makes a man capable, not onely of the meditation of the miſeries of the World, but alſo of that of the afflictions and troubles, which inſeparably keeps him company to the grave.

The Laver which was before the Tabernacle. Ex. 38. 8.

We read of *Moſes*, that God commanded him to frame the * fore-front of the Tabernacle all of Mirrours, to the end, that thoſe that ſhould preſent themſelves before his Altar, might view themſelves in this poſture of Prayer. O this exceellent Myſterie! Mortals, it behooves you to view your ſelves in the *Mirrour* of your Aſhes, if you would have your vowes heard.

There is nothing aſſured in Life, but its continuall Death.

God hath taught us an excellent way of Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread.* But why O Lord, teacheſt thou us not to aſk thee our bread for to *morrow*, as well as for to day? O how good a reaſon is there hereof! This is becauſe that life hath no aſſurance of to morrow; beſides that it

it is an exceſſe of grace, that we may be bold to crave of him, the bread of our nouriſhment for all a whole day, ſince every moment may be that of our Death. Reader, let this verity ſerve thee yet as a *mirrour*, if thou would'ſt have thy praiers to pierce the heavens. This is not all, to know thy body is a Coloſſe of filth, which is trail'd along from one place to another, as it were by the laſt ſtruggle of a Life alwaies languiſhing. It behooves thee alſo to call to mind, that every inſtant may terminate the courſe of thy troubleſome carriere; and that this ſudden retreat, conſtraines thee to bid Adieu for ever to all the things of the world, which thou cheriſhedſt moſt *Thoughts only worthy of a noble ſpirit!*

It is not ſuffeient to muſe of the neceſſity of dying, but to conſider alſo that every hure may be our aſt.

I have eaten Aſhes as bread, ſaies the Royall Prophet; but how is it poſſible? I conceive his thought. He entertained his ſoul with the remembrance of the Aſhes of his body, and this truth alone ſerv'd as object to his imagination, for to ſatisfie the appetite of his Soul. *Lord* give me both the ſame reliſh and deſire, to re paſt my

Pſal. 102. 9. Cinerem tanquam panem manducabam.

A man to abase himselfe below that which he is, being so poor a thing of nothing.

my selfe still thus, of dust and ashes, in remembrancing my self alwaies, that I am nothing else. O sweet remembrance of my rottennesse, since it steads me for eternall nourishment of my Soule! O precious memorie of my Nothingnesse, since able to satisfie the appetite of my heart! Let this be *the daily bread*, O *Lord* which thou hast taught me to ask thee, to the end, that all my desires together might be satiated with this dear nourishment. I recollect my self in this digression.

Si vitrei essemus, minus casus timeremus. S. Aug.

Having diverse times mused of the imbecillity and weakneſse of *man*, I am constrain'd to cry out with St. *Augustine*, What is there that can be more fraile in Nature? If we were of Glasse (pursues he) our condition might therein be better, for a Glasse carefully preserv'd, may last long time, and yet what pain soever *man* takes to preserve himself, and under what shelter soever, he shrowds himself, for covert to the storm, he breakes and is shattered of himself.

There is nothing more brittle than glasse yet man is more.

What reply you to these veritie, *Great Princes*? Well may you now

be

be arrogant; The fragillity of glasse cannot admit of comparison, with this of your nature; what seat will you give to your greatnesse? and what foundation to your vanity? when the wind alone of your sighs, may shipwrack you upon the Sea of your own proper teares? what surnames will you take upon you, for to make you be *mistaken*? That of *Immortall* would become you ill, since every part of your body, serves but as a *But* to the shafts of *Death*. *Invincible*, would also be no way proper, since upon the least touch of mishap, you are more worthy of pity than capable of defence. Would you be called *Gods?* your Idolaters would immolate you to their own laughter. Tread under foot your Crownes, if rightly you will be crowned with them, you only thus render your selves worthy of those honours, which you misprize: for Glory consists not in the possessing it, but in the meriting; and the onely means to obtain it, is to pretend nothing at all to it.

Man is fully miserable, since his life is the source of his miseries.

A man may doe every thing with vertue, without it nothing.

Heaven cannot be acquired, but by the misprize of earth.

How remarkeable is the custome of

of the *Locrians* at the Coronation of their Kings: they burnt before them a handfull of Tow, to represent unto them the instability of their *grandeurs*, and the greedinesse of Time to destroy them. In effect, all the greatnesses of the Earth, are but as a bundlet of Tow; and then when *Darius* would make of them his treasure, Mis-hap set fire on them, and reduced them into Cinders, and when he had yet in his heart a desire to immortalize them, a new fire seaz'd his intrals by the heat of thirst, which burn'd him to the end to consume at once, both the cause, and the effect. So true it is, that the Glory of the world vanisheth away like *Smoake*, *Great Kings*, if you build a Throne of Majestie to the proof, both against Time and Fortune, lay its foundation upon that of your miseries. *Humility* takes her rise in lowlinesse, from the lowest footing, when she makes her flight into the heavens.

All the grandeur of Kings is but as the blaze of flaming tow.

He which esteems himselfe the least of all, is the greatest.

O how admirable is the *Humility* of Saint *Iohn Baptist*! They would give him titles of Soveraignty, in taking him for the *Messias*: but call to your

your Memory, how with an ejaculation of Love and reverence, he precipitates himself both with heart and thought into the Abysse of his own Nothingnesse, there to admire in all humility, both Greatnesse & Majesty in his Throne. *I am but a Voyce*, saies he, which beat at the eares to enter into your hearts.

Vox clamantis in deserto John. 1. 23.

A Voyce, which rustles in a moment, and passes away at the same instant; *What Humility!* Is there any thing which is lesse any thing than a *Voyce*? 'Tis a puffe of wind, which a fresh one carries I know not where since both lose themselves in the air, after its never so little agitation, with their gentle violence. 'Tis nothing in effect, yet notwithstanding, the proper name of this great Prophet. They would elevate him, and he abaseth himself so low, that he would render himself invisible as a *Voyce*, so much he feares to be taken for him, *whose shoe-latchet, he judgeth himself unworthy to unloose.*

Christus verbum, Johannes vox.

John. 1. 27.

A Man is to be estimated in proportion to the undervalue he makes of himself.

Lord, what are we also, but a little Wind enclosed in a handfull of Earth? to what can one compare us without

without attributing us too much vanity. True it is, that we are the works of thy hands, but all other created things bear the same Title, but if thy bounty hath been willing to advantage our nature with many graces, proper and ordinated to it alone, these are so many witnesses which convince us, not to have deserv'd them, since our very Ingratitude is yet a Recognizing of this Truth. Insomuch that as our Life is nothing but sinne, and sinne is a meer privation, it may be maintained that we are nothing else, and consequently nothing at all.

The most just man sinneth seven times a day.

But how Proud am I, O *Lord*, every time I think thou hast created me of Earth, for this is a Principall, which drawes me alwaies to it selfe, by a right of propriety; from whence I cannot defend my selfe. *All things seek their repose in their element.* O how happy am I, to search mine in that of *Dust* and *Ashes*, whereof thou hast formed me? The *Earth* demands my *Earth*, and my body as a little Gullet, separated from its source, speeds by little and little, to the

What is it for a man to triumph hereof the world? the earth expects his spoile.

the same source, from whence it had its beginning. And this that which impeaches me from gathering up my self, to take a higher flight. I should do bravely, to hoyse my selfe above my Center, when the assay of my Vanity, and the violence of my fall, are but the same thing. I give still downwards upon the side of my weaknesses, and the weight of my miserie, overbeares upon the arrogance of my Ambition. O happy defect, and yet more happy the condition, which holds me alwaies enchained to the dunghill of my Originall, since the links of this easie servitude, are so many *Mirrours* which represent me that I am nothing, whensoever I imagine my self to be something. Let us change our Tone, without changing subject.

Pride hoysses up, onely to gives a fall.

A man no doubt may misknow himselfe, yet the least hit of mishap teares the vaile of his hood winkneſſe

Ladies, Remember that you die every houre; behold, here a MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT It shewes you both what you are, & such as you shall be. But if notwithstanding, you still admire your selves under an other visage, full of allurements, and sweets. This is but *Death* himselfe

himself, who hides him under these fair apparences, to the end you may not discern him. It is true, you have gracefull Tresses of haire which cover your heads, and his is all Bald, but doe not you heed, how he pulls them off from yours by little every day, and makes those which he leave you, to turn White, to the end you may pull them out your selves?

A strang thing that death is still as neare us, as life, and yet we never thinke on it.

It is true, your *eyes* have a sparkling lustre, and beauty; but of his is seen onely the hideous place, where Nature had seated them: But do you not consider, how with continuall action, he Dusks the glory of this beauty; and in conclusion, puts to Eclipse these imaginary Pety-Suns.

Time and Death are the onely inexorables.

It is true, your hue is of Lillies, and your mouth of Roses, upon his face is seen onely the stubs of these flowers: but call to mind, that he blasts this Lilly-teint, as well as Lillies themselves; and that the vermillion of this Rosie-mouth lasts but as Roses; and if yet you differ to day from him in something, you may resemble him to morrow in all. I

leave

leave you to meditate of these truths.

Man is as one picture with two faces and often the most naturall is falsest.

Man is a true mirrour, which represents to the natural all things, which are oppos'd unto it. If you turn it downward to the Earth, we can see within nothing but objects of *Dust* and *Ashes:* but if you turn him to the Heavens-ward, there is to be admired in it beauties, and graces purely celestiall. In effect, if we consider *man* in his mortall and perishable condition, hardly can one find any stay in this consideration, since he is nothing else but a *Chimera*, whose form every moment by little and little destroies, to reduce it to its first nothing. And indeed, not to lie to ye, *man*, is but a Puffe of wind, since he lives by nothing else, is filled with nothing else, and dies onely by Privation of it. But if you turn the Medall (I would say) the *Mirrour* of his Soule towards his Creator, there are seen nothing but gifts of Immortality, but graces of a Soveraigne bounty, but favours of an absolute will. The heavens and the Stars appear in this Crystalline *mirrour*, not by reflection of the object, but by a divine

Man is nothing in himselfe, yet comprehends all things.

What though man be made of earth; he is more divine than mortall.

divine vertue proceeding from the Nature of his cause. Let us to the End.

The slumber of vanities is a mortall malady to the soule.

Me thinks *This Page* returnes again to day within the Chamber of *Philip* of *Macedon*, and drawing the Curtain, cries out according to his ordinary.

Sir, Awake, and Remember that you are a Man: but why rouzes he him to think of *Death*, since sleep is its image? *Alexander* knew himselfe mortall by his sleeping; and in effect those which have said, that sleep was the Brother of *Death*, have drawn their reason of it, from their reciprocall resemblance. *Awake then Great Kings*; Not to ponder that you are mortall, your sleep is a trance of this, but rather that you are created for immortality. *Remember you are Men*. I will not say, subject to all the miseries of the *Earth*; but rather capable of all the felicities of heaven. *Remember that you are men*; I will not say the shittle-cock of Time, and the But to all the shafts of Fortune, but rather victors over ages, and all sorts of miseries. *Remember that you*

A man should not forget his heavenly beginning having heaven for a daily object.

are

are *men*; I will not say any more conceiv'd in Corruption, brought forth by it, and also destroyed by it: But rather, I say, born for the glory of God, *Living* for to acquire it, and *Dying* for to possesse it. *Remember that you are Men*, I will say no more slaves of *Sin*, the *Flesh*, and the *World*: but rather free for resistance to the first, strong enough to vanquish the next, and more powerfull yet to give a Law to the third: *Remember that you are men*, I will no more say the pourtraict of Inconstancy, the object of every sort of ill, and the pasture of Wormes: But rather the Image of *God*, the subject of every sort of good, and the sole aliment of eternity, as created for it alone. *Remember that you are men*, I will not say made of clay, animated with mis-hap, and metamorphosed anew into rottennesse; but rather made by the proper hand of God, animated by his bounty, and redeemed by his Grace.

If a man should consider his worth by that which he eost, he would love himselfe perfectly.

A man may doe everygood thing which he desires, since in his impuissance his will is taken for the deed.

Man is sure a thing something divine, which is not seen even to it selfe.

I wonder at this, that they should call man a little world, since the least of his thoughts is able to sign out it's

Though he be made of clay, the work-manship is yet all divine.

it's expansion beyond a thousand worlds. True it is that he was made of Earth, but the Master which hath made him, having also drawn himself in the middle of his worke (as did *Phidias*) renders him, more admirable than the Heavens. One might also judge at first view, that the greatest part of the creatures have many more Prerogatives than he. But contrarily the heavens, the Stars, and all that nature hath most precious, have in no sort correspondence or equivalence to his grandeurs: let us see the proof on't.

The heart of man is so vast, and spacious, that God onely can fill it.

I grant that the Sea may make us admire equally both it's vastnesse of Empire, and efficacy of power, the least teare of repentance which a Man sheds is a thousand times more admirable, since it remounts even to the source of that grace, which produc't it, and consequently beyond the Heavens. I grant that the Aire fils all, and its emense nature permits no vacuity, through the whole universe. The heart of man carries him far higher, being never able to find satisfaction in it's desires, if its' Crea-

arors-

ators-self, though without measure, be not its measure. Let the Fire alwaies greedy and ambitious, scale the heavens in apparence with continual action by the vain attempts of its ejaculations; The least sparkle of the fire of divine love wherewith man may be enflamed is so pure and so noble, that one cannot conceive an example of its perfection. Suppose the transparent heavens have no matter, than that of other forme, and they render themselves thu wonderfull in their simplicity, as in their course still equall, and still continuall; the spirit of man is infinitely more excellent in its nature, and much more noble also in its actions, since it workes without self-motion, but with a manner so divine, that its thoughts carry it every where without change of state or place. Bee it that the Sun all marvellous in himselfe, and his effects produceth nothing but wonders. The Sun of reason, wherewith man is illuminate, is wholly miraculous, since it operates in a divine semblable manner: the vertue of other creatures vegetable, and

A man who loves God with all his heart, lives upon earth in the same fashion, as they live in heaven.

The reason of man is a ray beamingfrom the Sun of Divinity.

and ſenſitive is inſeparably adjoyned alſo to the body of man, as its materiall: Inſomuch that he containes in a degree of eminence above all the creatures of the world, more perfections himſelf alone, then all they together have ever poſſeſſed. And I ſhall well ſay more yet. That Man hath certain puiſſances of diſpoſition to elevate himſelf ſo high in his humility, that the Angels ſhall be below him.

Manhath ſome titles of Nobility, to which the very Angels themſelvs cannot pretend.

But if I ſhall yet moreover poize Man, in the ballance of the Croſſe of his Saviour, and ſet him at the price of the blood, wherewith he was redeemed, which of the creatures, or rather, which of the angels will be ſo bold, to diſpute the preeminence?

If man were again to be ſold, who could ranſome him as he coſt?

Great Kings Remember then, that *you are Men*: but more admirable in your governments, then the *Sea* in its vaſtneſſe. *Remember that you are Men*, but alſo capable to purifie the *Ayre*, by one onely ſigh, though even that ſigh be made of nothing elſe. *Remember that you are Men*, but a thouſand, thouſand times

A man makes himſelf above all things, if he undervalue them with misprize.

times yet more noble then the *Fire*, since the Seraphins burn inceſſantly with thoſe divine *Fires*, wherewith your hearts may be enflamed. *Remember that you are Men*: but more perfect then the Heavens, ſince they were not created, but to pour upon your heads their benigne influences. *Remember that you are Men*, but more marvellous without compariſon, then the Sun; ſince your Reaſon is a divine light, which can never ſuffer Eclipſe, but by oppoſition from a volutary depravedneſſe. *Remember that you are Men*; but alſo deſtin'd to command over all other living creatures. *Remember that you are Men*: but alſo kneaded as it were, by the hand of one All-powerfull, formed after his Image, and redeemed by his blood, what can one ſay more?

Man is an abridgement rather of the marvels of heaven, than of the miracles of earth.

If a man did often muſe of the ends, for which he was created, he would therein ſet up his reſt from all the inquietudes of the world.

Unto what a point of Glory haſt thou then elevated me, O ſweet Saviour? in abaſing thy ſelf even to the grave. After thou hadſt formed me of earth, thou haſt alſo taken the ſame form for to reſemble me in all things. Thou I ſay, O my

O my God, whose infinite greatnesse, cannot admit onely the very admiration of the Seraphins, but through the Traverse of the Vail, of their ordinary submissions. What prodigie of bountie is this! Cause me then O *Lord*, if it please thee, that I may estimate my self at the price which thou hast ransomed me for, and that in such sort, that I may live no more, but in loving thee, to die also one day of the same disposition. Let me be *humbly-haughty*, carrying the lineaments of thy resemblance, that I may alwaies follow thee, though not able to imitate thee. This is that which I will continually implore thee for, untill thou hast heard my vows.

The magnificence of man hath neither bounds nor limits, since God is his end.

I advow now, O *Mercury Trymegistus*, that thou hast reason to publish, that *Man is a great miracle*, since God himself hath been willing to espouse his condition, to shew us in its miseries the miracle of his Love.

I confesse *Pythagoras*, that thou hast had no lesse ground to main-

tain

tain that *Man was a mortall God*, since except this sweet necessitie, which subjects him to the Tombe, he has a thousand qualities in him all immortall. I should finally have been of advise with thee *Plato* then, when thou preachedst, every where, that Man was of the race of the Gods, since a piece of work so rare, and so perfect, could not proceed but from a hand Omnipotent, I mean this Rivelet of admiration could not proceed but from a source most adorable. I am of thy opinion *Plotinus*, and henceforth will maintain every where with thee, that *Man* is an abridgement of the wonders of the world: Since that all the Univers together was created but for his *service, and pleasure*. Say we yet moreover, that those *wonders* of the *world*, so renowned, are but the works of his hands; so that also the actions of his spirit in divine Contemplation can take their Rise above the Sun, and beyond the heavens, and this too now in the chains of its servitude.

Though a man still fade away, he is yet a lively pourtray of immortality.

All the creatures are admirable, as the effects of a soveraign and independant cause: but man has attributes of an unparalleld glory.

The eight wonders of the world.

Great Kings, be it supposed that you

you are living pourtraits of Inconstancy: The perfection of your Nature lies in this defect of your powers, for this Vicissitude, which God hath rendred inseparable to your condition, is a pure grace of his bounty since you wax old onely that you may be exempted from the tyranny of Ages: since (I say) you die every moment, onely to make acquisition of that immortality, to which his love has destin'd you.

Man flies away by little and little, from one part of himself, that he may entirely enter at once into himself.

This defect of inconstancy is the perfection of man; since he is changable to day to be no more so to morrow.

O happy Inconstancy! if in changing without ceale, we approach the point of our soveraign felicity, whose foundations are immoveable. O dear Vicissitude! rowling without intervall in the duct of our originall, we approach by little and little, to those Ages of glory, which beyond all time assigne at our End, the beginning of a better Carreere. O Glorious Death, since terminated at the cruell instant, which separates us from Immortality.

A man is onely happy in the perpetuall inconstancy of his condition.

It is true, I confesse it again *Great Kings*, that you are subject

to all the ſad accidents of your ſubjects; But what happineſſe is it, if theſe miſfortunes are as ſo many ſeverall waies, which conduct you into the Port. Be it granted, that you are nothing but Corruption in your birth, Miſery in your Life, and a freſh infection in your Death: All theſe truths are as ſo many attributes of honour to you, ſince you diſrobe your ſelves in the grave of all your noiſomneſſe, for to Deck your ſelves with the ornaments of Grace, of felicity and glory, which belongs in proper to your ſouls, as being created for the poſſeſſion of all theſe Good Things.

The greateſt miſery that can arrive to a man, is to offend God.

Who can be able to dimenſion the greatneſſe of *Man*; ſince he who hath neither bounds nor limits would himſelf be the *circumference* of it? Would you have ſome knowledge of *mans* power? hear the commandement which *Joſuah* made to the Sun, to ſtop in the middeſt of his carreere. Would you have witneſſes of his ſtrength? *Samſon* preſents you all the *Philiſtins* buried together under the ruines of the Temple, whoſe foun-

Heaven, Earth, Nature, the very Divels are admirers of the greatneſs of man.

foundations he made to totter. Require you some assurances of his courage? *Job* offers you as many as he has sores upon his body. In fine, desire you some proofes of his happinesse. Heaven hath fewer of Stars than of felicities to give him. What name then shall we attribute him now, that may be capable to comprehend all his glory? There is no other than this of *man*; and *Pilate* did very worthily (no doubt) to turn it into mockage before the Jewes; he shews them a God under the visage of a *Man*. Let the world all expose the misteries of *Man* in publicke; His Image of Earth is yet animated with a divine spirit, which can never change Nature. Well may they tear his bark, the *Inman* of it is of proofe against the stroke of Fortune, as well as the gripes of *Death*. The *Man* of Earth may turn into Earth; but the *Man* of heaven takes his flight alwaies into heaven. That *Man* I say, fickle and incoonstant, kneaded and shap't from dirt with the water of his own tears may resolve, into the same matter: But this stable and constant *Man*, created

Man may be what somever he will be.

John. 19. 5. Ecce homo. *Behold the Man.*

The name Man is now much more noble than that of Angels. With what new rinds soever a man be covered, he beares still in his forehead the like marks of his Creator.

ted by an omnipotent hand, remaines unceſſantly the ſame, as incapable of alteration.

Rouze then your ſelves from ſleep great *Princes*, not for *to remember Death*, but rather to repreſent unto your ſelves that you are immortall, ſince *Death* hath no kind of Dominion over your Soules, which make the greateſt, as being the Nobleſt part of you,

He that would alwaies muſe of Eternitie, would with out doubt, acquire its glory.

Awake then great *Monarchs*, not for to muſe of this neceſſity, which drawes you every hour to the tomb but rather to conſider, that you may exempt your ſelves from it, if your Actions be but as ſacred as your Majeſties.

Great PRINCES Awake, and permit me once more to remembrance *You* that you are *Men*, I meane the Maſter-pieces of the workes of God; ſince this divine work-Maſter hath in concluſion metamorphoſed himſelfe into his own work, My feathered pen can fly no higher.

Man is a hidden treaſure, whoſe worth God onely knowes.

Man onely is the ornament of the world,

Thoſe which have propounded that Man was a new world, have found out proportionable relations,

and great correſpondencies of the one to the other, for the *Earth* is found in the matter whereof he is formed, the *Water* in his teares, the *Aire* in his ſighs, the *Fire* in his Love, the *Sun* in his reaſon, and the *Heavens* in his imaginations. But the *Earth* ſubſiſts and he vaniſheth, O Sweet vaniſhment! ſince he is loſt in himſelf, that he may be found in his Creator, but the *Earth* remaines firm, and his duſt flies away: O happy flight, ſince eternity is its aime! The *Water*, though it fleets away, yet returnes the ſame way, and retorts upon it's owne paces: But man contrarily being ſetled upon the declining ſtoop of his ruine, rouls inſenſibly without intervall to the grave, his priſon, O dear ruine! O ſweet captivity! ſince the ſoul recovers her freedome, and this Sepulture ſerves but as a Furnace to purifie his body. The *Aire*, although it corrupt, is not for all that deſtroied, the corruption of man deſtroies its materiall. O glorious deſtruction, ſince it ſteads him as a freſh diſpoſition to render him immortall. The

Man may be ſaid to be happy in being ſubject to all miſhaps.

Death is a grace rather than a paine.

Fire

Fire, though it fairely devoure all things, is yet preſerved ſtill it ſelfe, to reduce all the world into Aſhes: But Man perceives himſelf to be devoured by Time, without ability ever to reſiſt it. Oh beneficiall Impotence, ſince he finds his Triumph in his overthrow! the Sun cauſeth alwaies admiration in its ordinary luſtre, but Mans reaſon is impaired in the courſe of Times. Oh welcome impairement, ſince Time ruines it but onely in an Anger, knowing that it goes about to eſtabliſh its Empire, beyond both time and Ages. In fine, the Heavens may ſeem to wax old in their wandring courſe: they yet appear the ſame ſtill every day, as they were a thouſand yeares agon: man from moment to moment differs from himſelfe, and every inſtant diſtrobes him ſomewhat of his Being. Oh delightfull Inconſtancy, ſince all his changes make but ſo many lines, which abut at the Center of his ſtability.

The felicitie of man in this world conſists in the neceſſity of death.

How happy is man in decaying evermore ſince he thus at laſt renders himſelfe exempt from all the miſeries which purſue him.

How myſterious is the Fable of *Narciſſus*; the Poets would perſwade us, that He became ſelf-enamoured

A long life is a heavy burthen to the soul, since it must render an account of all its moments.

moured, viewing Himself in a Fountain. But I am astonish't, how one should become amorous of a dunghill, though covered with Snow or Flowers. A face cannot be formed without *Eyes*, *Nose*, and *Mouth*, and yet every of these parts make but a body of Misery, and Corruption as being all full of it.

If a man could contemplate the beauties of his soul in innocence he would always be surprized with its love.

This Fable intimates us the representment of a fairer truth, since it invites a man to gaze himself in the Fountain of his tears, thus to become amorous of himself, not for the lineaments of dust and ashes, whereof his countenance is shap't, but rather of those beauties and graces, wherewith his soul is ornamented, and all these together make but a rivelet, which leads him to the admiration of that source from whence they took their originall.

If a man would often view himself in the tears of his repentance, he would soon become a true self-lover.

Oh how *David* was a wise *Narcissus*! then when he made of his Tears a *Mirrour*, so to become enamour'd of himself, for he was so self-loving in his *repentance*, that in *this* He spent both daies and nights,

nights, with unparalled delights.

But if *Narcissus* ship-wrack't himself in the fountain of his self-fondnesse; *This great King* was upon point to Abysse himself in the Sea of his tears, for their liquid Crystalline shewd him to himself so beautifull, that he burned with desire thus to drown himself.

All the vain objects of the world are so many fountains of Narcissus, wherein prying may ship-wrack themselves.

Ladies view your selves in this *Mirrour*, since you are ordinarily slaves to your own self love. You will be fair at what price soever; see here is the means. The Crystall *Mirrour* of your tears *flatter not*, contemplate therein the beauty of this grace, which God hath given you to bewail your vanities, This is the onely ornament which can render you admirable. All those deceitfull Chrystals, which you wear hang'd at your Girdles, shew you but fained beauties whereof Art is the workmistrisse and cause, rather then your visages: Would ye be Idolaters of the Earth which you tread on? your bodies are but of Dirt; but if you will have them endeared, where shall I find tearms

Tears are the faithfullest Mirrours of penitents.

If Ladies would take as much care of their souls as of their bodys, they would not hazzard the losse both of one and tother.

to expresse their Noysomnesse? Leave to *Death* his Conquest, and to the *Worms* their heritage, and search your selves in that originall of Immortality, from whence your souls proceed, that your actions may correspond to the Nobleness of that cause. This is the most profitable counsell which I can give You: It is time to end this Chapter.

Great Kings I serve you this Morning instead of a page to awake You, and *remembrance You that you are Men*: I mean, Subjects to *Death*, and consequently destinated to serve as a Prey to the *Worms*, a Shittle-cock to the Winds, and matter for to form an object of horror and astonishment to you altogether. Muze a little, that your life passeth away as a *Dream*; think a little that your thoughts are vain; consider at the same time, that all that is yours passes and flies away. You are great, but this necessity of Dying equals you to the least of your subjects. Your powers are dreadfull, but a very hand-worm mocks

The meditation of our nothingness is a soverain remedy against vanity.

Men are so near of blood together, that all bear the same name.

mocks at them: your riches are without number, but the moſt wretched of men carry as much into the grave as you. In fine, may all the pleaſures of Life make a party in Yours, yet they are but ſo many Roſes, whoſe prickles onely remain to you at the inſtant of *Death*. The horror which environs You, chaſeth away your greatneſſe, the weakneſſe which poſſeſſeth you, renders unprofitable your abſolute powers, and onely then in that ſhirt, which reſts upon your back, are compriſed all the treaſures of your Coffers. Are not theſe verities of importance enough to break your ſleep?

Man hath nothing ſo proper to him, as the miſery to which he is born.

I awake you then for to remembrance you this laſt time, *that you are Men*: but deſtined to poſſeſſe the place of thoſe evill Angels, whoſe Pride concaved the Abyſſes of Hell: that you are Men, but much more conſiderable for the government of your reaſon, then your Kingdom. *That you are Men*, but capable to acquire all the felicities of Heaven, if thoſe of the Earth

If the earth be our mother, heaven, is our father.

Earth are by you disdained. *That you are Men*, but called to the inheritance of an eternall Glory, if you have no pretence to any of this world.

Though the body and soul together make up the man, there is yet as much difference between the one and the other, as between the scabberd and the sword

Lastly, *that you are Men*: but the living images of an infinite and omnipotent one. Clear streames of immortality remount then to your eternall source, fair rayes of a Sun without Eclipse rejoyn your selves then to the body of his celestiall light. Perfect patterns of the divinity, unite your selves then to it, as to the independant cause of your Being. Well may the Earth quake under your feet, your wils are Keys to the gates of its abysses: should the Water ore-whelm again all, your hopes cannot be shipwrack't. That the Aire fils all things may be, but your expectations admit of some *vacuum*. Though the *Fire* devour all things; the object of your hopes is above its flames, let the heavens pour down in a throng, their malignant influences here below: your souls are under covert from their assaults. Let the *Sun* exhaling

Although the puissances of the soul, work not but by the senses, the effects in this poim are more noble then the cause.

haling vapours make thereof thunders for your ruine: you are under the protection of him who ejaculates their flashes; insomuch that instead of hurting you, all things do you homage. The *Earth* supports you, the *Water* refresheth you; the *Air* imbreaths you, the *Fire* warms you; the *Sun* lights you, and Heaven attends you; the Angels honour you, the *Devils* fear you, *Nature* obeyes you, and God himself gives himself to you to oblidge you to the like reciprocation. Is not this to possesse with advancement all the felicities which you can hope? I dare you to wish more.

Man needs fear nothing, being elevated above all.

Man could not be more happy then he is, since God is his last felicity. To die is proper to man.

Awake thy self then *Reader*, and let thy conscience and thy miserie each in its turn serve thee as a *Page* every morning to put thee in mind, *That thou art a Man*, I mean a pourtraict animated with *Death*, rather then with Life, since thou canst do nothing but die, but in this continuall dying, amid the throng of *evils* and *pains* which are enjoyned to thy condition; Consider also that thou art created to pos-

How happy is man, thus to be able to be as much as he desires.

poſſeſſe an Eternity both of life and happineſſe, and that all theſe infinite good things are expoſed as an aim of honour and glory to the addreſſes of thy will; for if thou wilt, *Paradiſe* ſhall be thine, though *Hell* gape at thee; *Heaven* ſhall be thy ſhare, it's delights thy Succeſſion, and God alone thy Soveraign felicity.

A PRO-

A PROLUSIVE

Upon the EMBLEME *of the second Chapter.*

SWell on unbounded *Spirits*, whose vast hope,
Scorns the streight limits of all moderate
Be Crescent still, fix not i'th' *Positive*, (scope.
Grasp still at more, reach the *Superlative*;
And beyond *that* too, and beyond the Moon;
Yet ala's but vain, and you shal find too soon,
These great acquists are bubbles for a spurt,
And *Death* will leave you nothing but your *Shirt*.
Be *Richest*, *Greatest*, *Pow'rfullest*, and Split,
Flames Trumpet with the blast on't, ther's it,
That's all, a *Coffin*, and a *Sheet*, and then,
You're dead, and buried like to Common men,
This *Saladine* foresaw, and wisely stoopes
Unto his *Fate*, 'midst his triumphant troops,
A world of wealth, and *Asiaticke* Spoyles,
Guerdon his glorious military toyles,
Ensigns, and Banners shade his armies Eyes
With flying Colours of fled enemies:
Yet humbly he doth his chief Standard reare
Onely his *Shirt* displayd upon a Spear.
Mean while his valorous Colonels were clad

In

In rich Coat-armours, which they forced had
From ſubdu'de foes, and't ſeem'd a glorious thing,
Each man to be apparreld like a *King*. (thing,
The very common Souldiers out-ſide ſpoke,
Commander now, and did reſpect provoke.
Their former ornaments were caſt aſide,
Which 'fore the victory were all their pride,
To check their Pomp; with clang'ring trumpet ſound.
A *Herald* loud proclaim's in Tone profound:
See what the *Emperour* doth preſent your Eye,
'Tis all, that you muſt look for when you dye.
This *Shirt* is all even *Saladine* ſhall have
Of all his *Trophy's* with him to the grave.
Then be not over-heightned with the ſplendour.
Of your rich brav'ries, which you ſo much tender.
Nor let your honours puff you, leaſt you find
The breath of Fame jade ye with broken wind.
This ſolemn paſſage of this *Monarch* ſtory
With greateſt luſtre doth advance his glory.

TH E

Victorious SALADINE *caus'd to be Proclaim'd to all his Armie that he carried nothing with him to the Graue but a* SHIRT *after all his Conquests.*

THE MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. II.

ARrogant ſpirits, ambitious Hearts be ſilent, and lend an ear to the publick, cry of this Herald, who with a voice animated with horrour, and affright, as well as with compaſſion and truth, proclaimeth aloud, in the view of heaven and earth, and in the preſence of a world of people: That, this *Great* SALADINE, magnificent *Conquerour of Aſia, and Monarch of the whole Eaſt, carries away to the grave for fruit of his victories but onely a ſhirt, which covers the mould of his body, and even this ſcarp of linnen too, Fortune leaves him, but to give the Worms.*

The horror and misery of the grave, makes the hair ſtand on end to the proudeſt.

Abſolute

This necessity of dying, serves for temperament to the vanity of the greatest Monarchs of the world.

Absolute Kings, puissant Soveraigns, what will you reply to these discourses, for to you they are addrest? I doubt well, that shame, confusion and astonishment, bar your speech, and that this sensible object of your proper miseries, affects you so with ruth, to force from your bosomes a thousand sighs. The greatest Monarch of the earth becomes at a clap so little, as not to be found, no, not in his miseries, for the wind begins already to carry away the dust whereof he was formed. The powerfullest King of the world, is reduc'd to such a point of weaknesse, that he cannot resist the worms, after vanquishment and subjugation of entire Nations. The richest Prince of the East, takes a glory of all his treasures, to carry away but onely a shirt to his Sepulchre. What can you answer to these verities?

This famous *Saladine*, the terrour of men, the valour of the earth, and the wonder of the world, esteems himself so happy, and so advantaged by fortune, in respect

the

ſhe leaves him this old ragge to cover his corruption, that he makes this favour, to be publiſhed with ſound of trumpet in the midſt of his Army, that none might be in doubt on't: what beyond this can be your pretentions? I grant you may be ſeated like *Xerxes*, upon a Throne all of maſſie gold, canopied with a gliſtering firmament of precious ſtones; and that on what ſide ſoever you turn your menacing, *regards*, you ſee nothing but objects humbled before your Royall Majeſties. You never ſeat your ſelves upon theſe Thrones of magnificence, but as it were to take leave of the aſſembly, continuing ſtill to give your laſt God-bwyes, like a man who is upon point to depart continually, ſince he dies every moment. Inſomuch, that all this Pompe which accompanies you, and which gives *ſhadow* to the luſter wherewith you are environed, vaniſhes away with you, and all thoſe who are its admirers, and idolaters, run the ſame fortune, being of the ſame nature.

Man cannot complain of the world, ſince at his death he gives him a ſhirt, which at his birth, his mother Nature refuſed him.

All the ſpeeches of Men are but diſcourſes of adieu and leave taking, ſince every day he marches ſtraight forward toward Death.

Be

Be it from me granted, that the report of your glory, admits no vacuity, no more than the aire doe, and that your name is as wel known as the Sun, and more redoubted than the thunder, This voice of renown is but as the ſound of a Bell, which redoubles a noyſe to its own detriment, to advertiſe thoſe that doubt on it; and this name ſo famous, and dreadfull, finding no memory here below to the proof of ages, buries it ſelf at laſt, in the nothingneſſe of its beginning.

To what purpoſe doth the renown of a Man make a noyſe in the world the noyſe ceaſeth, the renowne paſſeth,

Be it again, that all the Gold of the *Indies* can be valued but to a part of your Eſtate, and that all the world together; poſſeſſe leſſe treaſure than you alone; what advantage think you to bear away, more than the moſt miſerable of the world that in this you ſhould be vain? Enjoyes not he the ſame Sun which lights you? hath not he the ſame uſage of the Elements, whereof you make uſe? But if you have more than he, a glorious neſſe of apparell, and a thouſand other ſuperfluous things (which are altogether eſtranged

The tranquillity of the mind and the health of body, are the onely riches of the world

ged to vertue, as being imaginary goods, whose appearance alone is the onely foundation) he may answer you with *Seneca*, that with whatsoever coverture a *man* hides the *shame of his nakednesse*, he shall passe for well-clothed among wise men. And to come to the point; a *man* hath alwaies enough wherewith to follow his way, and to finish his voyage. The surplus is but a burden of cares, which are metamorphosed into so many bryars, when Death would discharge us of them. Besides Riches consist but in opinion, though their treasures be palpable and sensible. A man is Rich, equall to that which he beleeves himself to be. And though he hath nothing, this grace wherewith he is treasured to find rest in his miseries, is above all the Gold of the world.

He is the most rich, who is most content.

What differrnce think you there is betwixt the Rich and the poore? both the one and the other, are equally pilgrims and travellers, and goe alike to the same place. Then, if the rich passe through the fairer way, they reencounter when they dye, all the thorns of those roses

which

All mortalls together make a dance of blind men, who in dancing run to death without seeing the way they passe.

which they have past upon. There is no arrivall to the *Haven* of the grave, without being *tempested* sooner or later, in the *storm* of those miseries, which accompany us. And methinks it is a comfort, to suffer in good time those evils, which we cannot avoid.

The treasure of good workes onely enriches us eternally.

Rich-ones, how miserable doe I hold you, if the goods of the earth be your onely treasures! Rich-ones how unhappy are you, if your felicities be but of Gold, and Silver! Rich-ones, how you compell my pity of your greatnesses, if you have no other titles than those of your Lord-ships! Rich-ones how frightfull onely at the houre of Death are your names, since the misery, wherein you are born, accompanyes you in the sepulchre.

True it is, that the Ayr of the region where you dwell, may be very temperate, the seasons of it fair, and the lands fertile: but you consider not, that while you live, you often sigh back the air which you receive; that this sweet time, which smiles on you, entraines you in flying to the season

season of teares, and that very soon the dung-hill of your bodies shal perhaps render the lands yet more fertile.

The content of riches is like an odor ferous fume, but it passes, and so doth their enjoyment also, and there is all.

The Rich *Men* of the world have done nought but passe away with the ages, that gave them birth: you are born in this, and this very same goes away, and leads you with it, and all the rest of Men, without skilling what you are, or in what fashion you are vested, well may you possesse an infinite number of treasures; you must alwaies trot, and rise as soon in the morning as others: but if you play the slugs, and sleep too long, Death comes in the end to awake you, and interrupt your repose with an eternall disquiet. What will you say to this? The fable of *Midas* comprehends in it important verities; *Apollo* grants him all that he demands, he satiates the appetite of his unmeasurable ambition by the vertue which he gives to his touch, to be able to turn all things into gold. See him now rich for a day, his hands are as new philosophers-stones, which make the grossest, and most

It is strange, whether we shift place and seat or no we get run incessantly to Death.

To what purpose is it to be environed with riches? they are a strange kind of good, whereof one can enjoy the usage but for a moment only

most impure metals, change both nature and price, he sees himselfe enrounded in a moment with so great a number of treasures, that he begins to apprehend the enjoyment of those goods, which he desired with so much passion; and from fear he comes to astonishment: then, when prest with hunger, all the Viands which he touches with his hands, lips, or tongue, are metamorphosed into Gold. O inseparable amazement; from a mortall griefe, caused by a semblable regreet, that he could not limit his ambition, but to the desire of his own ruine!

Rich-men, you are as so many *Midasses*, since with all your treasures, you never importune heaven for any other thing, but to increase their number, to which effect you destinate your cares, your watchings and your labours. But make no more imploring vows; behold your selves at last heard. The glistering of your riches dazles me, your greatnesses and magnificences give you cheerefull tincture; yet let us see the reverse of the Medall.

After

After your so many strong wishes for Gold and Silver, their treasure remaines to you for to satiate, at least in dying, the unruled appetite of the ambition of your life. Riches I say environ you on all sides, after your so passionate covetize of them. But in this last instant, their possession is the saddest object, which can be presented to your thoughts. And notwithstanding 'tis the onely nourishment which rests to you, amid the hunger which torments you unceasantly, as if for punishment of part of your crimes, heaven did permit, that the instruments of your pleasure should also be the same of your punishments, considering the greatnesse of your miseries, by that of your unprofitable treasures: for after all you must die, and though you carry with you this desire, to bear away with you your riches into the tomb, they remain in your coffers, for to serve as witnesses to your heirs of the vanity of their enjoyment.

The covetous grow poor in measure as he growes rich, since in encreasing his treasures, encreases the famine of his insatiable avarice & thus of what he possesseth he enjoies nothing.

A Man carries away nothing with him at his death, but either a regreet or else a satisfaction of an evill or a good life.

The Silke-wormes, which have so much trouble to spin out their mouths their little golden threads,

think to ſtabliſh to themſelves a ſhelter of honour, to the proof of all ſorts of atteints, and on the contrary, they warp the web of their own ruin. Juſt ſo is it with the Richones of the world, who by an ingenious induſtry, employ all their aſſaies, to lay ſolide foundations here below of an immortall life, and yet all their actions cannot but terminate in an end contrary to their deſignes; ſince they ſearch Eternity in the circles of Ages, alwaies in revolution, and repoſe in the perpetuall inſtability of all worldly things. Inſomuch, that they trouble themſelves to ſuffer much, and all their cares and paines, are but as freſh ſowings of **Marigolds*, which dying in their gardens, reſpring in their hearts, there to die never. Behold the end of their journey-work.

To what effect is it to ſeek repoſe in this world: it is never to be found but in God.

** See the ambiguity of the French word Soucies, in the firſt Chapter.*

Treaſures, to what effect ſerve you me, if I muſt enter all naked into the grave? *Pleaſures*, what becomes of your ſweets, if my laſt ſighs are but bitterneſſe? *Grandeurs* of this life, in what ſtead you meiſ you cannot exempt me from the miſeries of *death*?

LORD

LORD, I am rich enough in that I serve for an object of pity to thy adorable Providence, whose o're liberall boundry furnishes me for all my daies nourishment enough to passe them, what can I wish more? on what side somever I take my way to go the course of Death, I can never loose from view the heavens, which are the *Gates of thy Palace*. Insoniuch, as if any thing fail me, I have but to strike there with my regards, thou art alwaies upon a ready watch, to succour the miserable. Supply me then, *O LORD*, if it please *thee*, with thy ordinary charities, and since that hope dies after me, I will rather cease to be, then to hope in thee. These are the strongest resolutions of my soul.

Heaven is an object of consolation to the most miserable.

We read of the children of *Israël*, that having received of *God* an infinity of riches, at their coming out of the red Sea, by the wrack of their enemies, they made of their treasures, Idols, and joyning in this sort Idolatrie to Ingratitude, they erected altars to their brutalitie,

We beg of God every day new favours and every day we render our selves unthankfull for those we have received.

since under relief of a brute beast, they represented their *God*.

But leave we there the children of *Israel*, and speak of the Fathers of BABYLON, I mean those wicked rich ones of the *world*, to whom *God* hath done so great favours, in heaping them with so many goods. Are not they every day convicted of *Idolatry*, in their unacknowledgement, since the coffers of their treasures are the *Idols* of their temples? More beasts then brutes, in their voluntary depravednesse; they offer incense to their brutish passions; and no otherwise able, but to erect them secret altars in their souls, they there sacrifice everie hour a thousand sighs to an unsatiable abition. Insomuch, that the *God* of *heaven* is the God of their dissimulation, and the *Calf* of *Gold*, the God of their beleef, and opinion.

Are we worthily Christians, when idolatry is more familiar to us then to infidels since we make idols of al the objects of our passions?

Say we then boldly, that the objects of our passions are *Golden Calves* to us, since our hearts become their *Idolaters*. One here will sigh for love of honours, as well as

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for his Mistresse, with designe to hazard a thousand lives, and as many souls, for the conquest of their vain felicities: and see here his idolatry, making his *God* of these *Chimera's* [of honour, which vanish away like a *Dream*, at the rouzing up of our *reason*.

Another there, will lose quite and clean, all the *peace* wherein he is of a quiet life, for to set up a *rest* purely *imaginary* in the amassement of treasures. And if *heaven* hearing his votes, with design to punish him, gives some favourable successe to his cares, and watchings, he becomes an Idolater now indeed, an Idoloter of those goods, which as yet he adored but in hope, and renders himself miserable, for having desired too ardently felicities, which onely bear the voice to be so, but their usage and possession may prove as dangerous upon the earth, as Rocks within the Sea.

What folly is it, to seek repose in the world, which subsists onely in revolutions?

The goods of the earth are right evils, and at Death each one shall so experiment them.

One will have his *heart* wounded, and his *Soul* attained with a new trick of *ambition*, and as all his desires and thoughts are terminated

to the objects of his designs, he is never in health, while the feaver of his passion is continuall. I leave you to consider of what ratiocination he can be capable, during the malady of his spirit. All sorts of ways seem equally fair unto him, for to guide him unto the port whither he aspires, having no other aim but this to acquire, at what rate soever that *good* whereof he is in Quest; and of this *Good*, it is whereof he makes his *Idoll*, after a shamefull immolation of the best days of his Life, to the anxieties of its possession.

Another will establish his repose in the turmoyle of the *world*, turning his spirit to all winds, to be under covert from the tempests of fortune. Blinde as he is, he follows this *Goddesse* with the hoodwinckt eyes. Wavering as he is, he aspires but after the favours of this inconstant Deity, of which he is secretly an idolater, but if perchance she elevate him very high, there is no more hazard of his fall, the laws of this necessitie are inviolable, and

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one cannot avoid the rigour of them, if not avoiding their servitude. Insomuch, that after he hath sneak't himself a long time amongst the *grandeurs* of the earth, he finds himself enlabirinthed in the miseries, wherein he is born without possessing anie thing in propritie, but the usance of a puffe of wind, which enters once again at last into his entrals, to force thence the last sigh. And thus he becomes the *Victime* of the Idoll of his passions, without purifying nevertheless from the sacrifice of his life the soyl of those offerings, which he hath made upon the altars of *Vanity*. Behold the sad issue of this Dedalean labyrinth, wherein so manie of the world take pleasure to intricate themselves in.

If the fruition of all the world together were to be sold, it were not worth so much b trouble a to open the mouth onely to say, I will not buy it

O how *Rich* is he, *LORD*, who hath thy love and fear for his *treasure*? O how *happy* is he, who hath for object of *felicity* the *contempt* of these things of the *world*! O how *Contented* is he, who thinks alwaies of *eternall* delights! To have manie riches for a hundred years, is

not this to poſſeſſe at the end of that term a *Good*, which is as good, as never to have been. Taſte greedily the ſweets of everie ſort of proſperitie, during the raign of a *long life*; is it not readie to *die* by little and little for grief to abandon them ſince in flying away, they intrain us into the grave. To pant continually for *joy* in the preſence of a thouſand *pleaſures* is it not to prepare in one's breaſt, the matter of as manie *griefs*? ſince everie contentment is a diſpoſition to a kind of martyrdom, by the neceſſarie and infallible *privation* of its ſweets, whereof while we taſte on't, it menaceth us. In fine, to have all things at wiſh, is it not to poſſeſſe vain buſineſſes ſince the world has nothing elſe to offer us? The riches which Fortune gives and takes away again when ſhe will, can never enrich a Man, it behooves him to ſeek his *treaſure* in the mines of his *conſcience*, ſo to be under covert from ſin; for otherwiſe he runs the ſame hazard, as of the goods which he poſſeſſes, I mean

A wicked rich Man is much aſtoniſht at his Death, to have his conſcience void of good works, and his coffers ful of mony, ſince with all the gold of the world, he cannot purchaſe the grace of the leaſt repentance.

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in their decay, to looſe himſelf with them. The proſperities of the earth, are once more freſh flowers of the garden, fair to the eye, and of good ſent, but 'tis to much purpoſe to gather them, and make noſe-gaies; in holding them one holds nothing, becauſe their fragilitie renders them ſo ſlipperie, that they 'ſcape both from our eies and hands, and though their flight be be ſlow, one day onely is all their durance. The *pleaſures* of the *world* are of the ſame nature, I grant they may have ſome *agreeableneſſe* to charm our ſenſes, yet t'were too vain to vaunt of their poſſeſſion, though one enjoyes them, for ſo much as they *ſlip* away, & *vaniſh* without ceaſe from our eies, like the always flitting *watertrills*. Their ſway hath ſo ſhort limits, that each moment may be the term on't. *Solid* contentments are onely found in *heaven*, and the onely means to reliſh them beyond all ſweets, is continually to *Muze* on them, for having always our *ſpirit* arreſted upon *meditation* of an object ſo *delicious*, our thoughts

The arrivall of pleaſures annunciates us always their ſpeedie departure.

draw thence by their vertue this efficacy, to raviſh us with joy. *I return to my firſt propoſition.*

The good or ill which we doe, accompanies us to the grave.

That the greateſt Monarch of the world, after poſſeſſion of all things to his wiſh, and having led a thouſand times fortune her ſelfe in triumph, upon the territories of his Empire ſhould in concluſion be expoſed all naked in his Shirt, at the end of his carreere, to ſerve for a prey to the *wormes*, and a ſhittlecock to the winds, certes a man muſt needs be very inſenſible, not to be toucht with affright at theſe truths.

The miſprizall of riches, is the onely treaſure of life.

Great Kings, if you have not other Mines of *Gold* more precious than thoſe of the *India's*; you ſhall die as poor as you were born: and as *teares* were the firſt witneſſes of your *miſery*, ſighs ſhall be the laſt of your poverty, carrying with you this *regret* into the grave, to have poſſeſſed all things, and now to find your ſelves in eſtate of enjoying nothing.

If we would acquire Heaven, we ought to have no preſence to Earth.

Great Kings, if you have no other marks of ſoveraignty, but this of the large extent of your territories, the tribute which your ſubjects ſhall ren-

der

der you at the end of the *journall*, shall be very little, since the long spaces of your *Empire* shall be bounded with *seven foot*.

Great Kings, if you have no other treasures than those of the rent of your Demeanes, all those goods are false, and the regreet of their privation too true. But if you doubt of this yet, consult the dumb oracle of the *Ashes* of your *Ancestours*, and the truth will answer for them, that they never have had any thing more *proper* to them than *misery*, nothing more sensible than disasters, and that with all the riches which they have enjoyed during life, they have not been able to procure at the houre of *Death*, more than that *peice* of *linnen*, wherein they are *inveloped*.

The rents of vertues demeanes are not subject to fortune.

Great Kings, if you have no other Philosopher-stone but this, the conquest which your valour may make, all your greatnesse, and all your riches, shall be enclosed in the *coffins*, wherein you shall be *buried*. For, all that Fortune shall give you *to day*, *death* shall take from you *to morrow*, and the day after; one may count you

True valour hath no other object, but the conquest of eternall things.

you in the rank of the moſt miſerable. I will again change tone.

What a contagious *malady* in this age, wherein we are; is this *paſſion* of *amaſſing* treaſures! All the *world* would be rich, as if *Paradiſe* were bought with *ready money*, and that the commerce of our ſafety were a publick *Banke*, where the moſt covetous render themſelves the moſt happy. Every one makes bravado of his acquiſts, and poyzeth his felicities to the ballance of his riches, being never able to be otherwiſe content, but in reference to the meaſure of what he is eſtated in.

If one knew the perill of being rich he would onely be in love with poverty.

There one will aſſume a pride to have ten thouſand *Acres* of *wood*, whoſe revenue, nouriſheth his *paſſions*, and entertaines his *pleaſures*. Inſomuch, that he conſiders not that theſe trees are laden but with the fruit of theſe world-miſeries; and of all together he ſhall bear away, but the branch of one onely, which ſhall ſerve very ſoon for a *Bier* to his *carkaſſe*. See in what conſiſts the profit of his rents, after their account made.

We may call man a tree, whoſe root is the immortall ſoule, and the fruits which it beares are of the ſame nature, either for glory or puniſhment.

Another

Another will be rich onely in *meadows*, and changing his hay into *Gold* which is but *Earth*, he fills therewith his coffers. But *Foole*, that he is, he thinks not that his life is a Medow his body the hay thereof and time the Mower, who by his example makes publick traffick of the same merchandize, changing by little & little the hay of his *body* into *Earth*. And is not this to be very ingenious to cheat a mans selfe?

The world is a Medow, and all the obiects which therein we admire, are flowers, which fade every houre.

Anothers aime is onely to be rich in *buildings*, some the countrey, some the city, and assuming vanity from the number, as well as the magnificence of his Pallaces, he beleeves that they are so many *Sanctuaries* of proof, against the *stroakes* of fortune, or the thunders of *heaven*. What a folly is this, to esteem ones selfe happy, for having diverse cabbins upon earth, to put himselfe under covert from the raine, and wind; during the short journey of life? The raine ceases, the wind is past, and life dies, and then the tempest of a thousand *eternall* anguishes comes to entertain him, without possibility

possibility of discovery, even from hope, one onely port of safety. To be onely rich then, in ædifices, is to be rich in castles of paper and cards, such as little children lodge their pety cares in.

We must build upon the unshakeable foundations of eternitie, if a man would be sheltered from all sorts of stormes.

To what purpose steads it us to be richly lodged, if *every houre* of the day may be that of our *departure*? Men trouble themselves to build houses of pleasure, but the pleasures fade away, and we also, and these houses remain for witnesses of our folly, and for sensible objects of sorrow, and griefe, in that cruell necessity to which we are reduced to abandon them. It is to be considered that we are born to be *travellers* and *Pilgrims* &as such, are we constraind to march alwaies straight to the *gate* of *Death*, without ever resting, or being able to find repose even in repose it selfe. To what then are all these magnificent Pallaces, when our onely retreat beats on to the grave? To what end are all this great number of structures, when we are all in the way, and point to end our voyage? O how well is he *housed*, that lodg-

Though we saythe Sun sets every night, yet it rests not: and so Man, though he lay himselfe to sleep, rests not from his voyage to Ear.h.

eth

eth his hope in *God*, and laies the foundations of his habitation upon *Eternity*! *A good conſcience* is the richeſt *houſe* that one can have.

Another deſignes his treaſures in numerous *Shippings*, trafficking with all winds, in ſpight of ſtormes and tempeſts: but be it granted a perpetuall calm as heart could wiſh, and imagine we, (as himſelfe does) that he ſhall *fiſh* with *Fortunes nets*, all the Pearles of the *Ocean*; what can he doe at the end with all his ventures? if he truck them away, he can gain but ſtuffe of the ſame price, if he ſell them, he does but change white purified earth for yellow, which the Sun purifies as well within the mines what will he doe now with this new merchandize, or this his gold? behold him alwaies in trouble to diſcharge himſelf of ſo many burdens. If gold were potable, he might perhaps nouriſh himſelfe therewith for a while; but as *Midas* could not do it in the fable, he will never bring it to paſſe in the verity; he muſt needs keep watch then day and night to the guard of his riches; and well

may

may he keep sentinell, *Death* comes to rob him of them, since at his going out of the world she takes them *away* from him. What appearance is there, that the treasures of the Sea should be able to make a man rich, since the possession of all the *world* together cannot doe it. A hundred thousand ships are but a hundred thousand shuttle-cockes for the wind and a hundred thousand objects of shipwrack. Suppose they arrive to the *Port*, the life of their Master is alwaies among rocks, for 'tis a kind of ship, which cannot arrive at other shore, but at the banke of the *grave*. And I leave you to consider what danger he may run, if there the storm of his avaricious passion cast him. The sand-blind-sighted may foresee his ruine, and the most judicious will beleeve it infallible. Behold in fine a man rich to much purpose, that would have drain'd by his ambition, the bottomlesse depths of the *Ocean*, and now to find himselfe in the end of his carreere, in the *abysses* of *hell*, having an *Eternitie* of evils for recompence of an age of anxieties,

The treasure of good workes, is eternall riches.

Our life is a Ship, which loosing from the Haven, to the cradle at the moment of our birth, never comes ashore again, till it run aground upon the grave.

anxieties, which he hath suffered during his life.

Lord, if I would be rich in wood, let it be in that of thy *Crosse*, & from henceforth let its fruits be my revenues, and my rents. If I would traffick in meads; Let the meditation of the hay of my life, be my onely profit. If I set my selfe to build houses, let it be rather for my soul than for my body, and in such sort, that my *good workes* may be the stones, & the purity of my *conscience* the *foundation*. And lastly, If I would travell the seas to goe to the conquest of their treasures: let my *teares* be the waves thereof, and my *sighs* the winds, and thy *grace* alone, the onely *object* of my riches.

He which puts his trust in God, is the richest of the world, how poor soever he be.

Make me then rich, *O LORD*, if it please thee, by the onely *misprise* of all the treasures of the *Earth*, and teach this secret language to my heart, never to speak but of *thee* in its desires, nor of other then thy self in its hopes, since of thee alone, and in thee onely lies the fulnesse of its *perfect felicity* and soveraign repose. *Let us not rest our selves*

It is already sufficient enjoyment of rest and quiet to set up ones rest in God onely.

selves in so fair a way.

I cannot comprehend the design of these curious Spirits, who go seeking the Philosophers-stone in that Spitle, where an infinite number of their companions are dead of regreet to have so ill imployed their time. They put all they have to the quest of that which never was, and burning with desire to acquire wealth, they reduce all their own into cinders, and their *lungs* also with vehement *puffing*, without gaining other recompence at the end of their labours, but this, now to know their folly: but the Sun sets, the candle goes out, the bed of buriall is prepared, there must be their *Enter* at the *Exit* of so manie unprofitable pains. To what purpose serves it now, to know they are fools, having no more time to be wise.

The love of God is the only Philosopher-stone, since by it a man may acquire eternall treasures.

What cruell *Maladie* of spirit is it to sacrifice both ones body and soul in and unluckie *alymbick*, for to nourish a vain *ambition*, whose irregular appetite can never be satisfied? Is not this to take pleasure in kindling

kindling the fire which consumes us? to burn perpetually with desire of being rich in this world, and yet get nothing by it: And then to burn again *eternally* in *hell*, without possibility to quench the ardour of those *revenging* flames: is not this to *warp* ones-self the *web* of a fate, the most miserable that ever was?

An inclination toward the misprize of Earth, is a presage of the getting of Heaven.

Produce we then of nothing the creation of this Philosopher-stone, and grant we it made at present to the hearts of the most ambitious. I am content that from the miracles of this *Metamorphosis* they make us see the marvels of a new gallery of silver, like to that which bare *NERO* to the Capitoll. I am content that they make pendant at the point of a needle, as *SEMIRAMIS*, the price of twentie millions of gold. I am content that after the example of * *Atabalipas*, they pave their *halls* with *Saphirs*. I am pleas'd, that imitating *Cyrus*, they enround their *gardens* with *perches* of gold. I am content, that the *Dryades* of their fountains be compoſed of the same materiall,

* Atabalipa, *King of* Peru.

The World is aptly compared to the Sea, since as the storms of this, so are the miseries of that, and like flit-ing billows ever rolling, so are all the objects which we here admire.

following

following the magnificences of *Ceſar*, I am content that they erect with *Pompey* an *Amphitheater* all covered with plates of *Gold*. I am content they build a Palace of *Ivory*, there to lodge another *Melania*, or a *Louvre* of *Chriſtall* to receive therein an other *Druſus*, and let (I am content ſtill) this Louvre be ornamented with court-cupboards of Pearls equall to thoſe of *Scaurus*, and with coffers of the ſame price as that of *Darius*. To what will all this come to in the end? What may be the reverſe of all theſe medals? The ſcortching heat of *Time*, and the Suns-beams have melted this gallery of ſilver, its admirers are vaniſht, and its proprietie. Even *Rome* it ſelf hath run the like *fate*, and though it ſubſiſt yet, 'tis but onely in name, its ruins mourn at this day the *death* of its glory. That ſo Precious Pendant of *Semiramis* could not be exempt from a kind of Death, though it were *inanimate*. I mean that in its inſenſibilitie, it hath received the attaints of this *Viciſſitude*, which alters and de-

'Tis a Rule without exception, that all that is included in the revolution of Time, is ſubject to change.

ſtroies

ſtroies all things, ſince it now appeares no more to our eies. All thoſe *Saphir-paved* halls are paſſed away, though Art had enchained them in beautifull Workemanſhips. They have had otherwiſe a glittering luſtre, like the *Sun*; but this *Planet* jealous of them, hath refuſed in the end its cleareneſſe, ſo much as to their ruines; inſomuch that they are *vaniſhed* in *obſcurity*. Theſe gardens environed with rails of gold, have (like others) divers *Spring-times*, to renew their growth, but one *Winter* alone was enough to make them *die*. Thoſe *Dryades* which enrich theſe fountains are fled upon their own water-trils, and ſcarce remains us their remembrance. That proud *Amphitheater* of *Pompey* could not entern'ze it ſelf, but in the memorie of men, and yet we ſcarce know what they ſay, when they ſpeak on't. That Ivorie Palace of *Melaus* goes for a fable in hiſtories, being buried in the *Abyſſes* of *nonentitie*. That famous Louvre of Chriſtall having been buſtled againſt by *Time* is broken, and ſhivered

Meditate here a little, how oft the face of the Earth hath been varied ſince its firſt creation.

There is nothing so certain in the world, as its uncertainty.

† Fui, & nihil amplius.

vered into so manie peeces, that not so much as the verie dust on't subsist, but in the confus'd *Idea* of things, which have been otherwhile. All those high cup-boards of Pearl, and all those coffers of great price have indeed had an appearance like lightning, but the thunder-bolt of *inconstancy* hath reduc't them into ashes, and the memorie of them is preserv'd in ours, but as *a dream*, since in effect it is no more at all.

But if the precious wonders of past ages; have done nothing but passe away together, with their admirers and owners, is it not credible, that those covetous rich ones, did run the same fortune with all the treasures of their Philosopher-stone, and at the end of their carreere, what device could they take but this very same of SALADINE, since of all their riches, there remaines them at their *Death*, but onely a poor *Shirt*, **I have been*, saies this great *Monarch* and behold, *here's all.*

Why, *Rich-ones* of the World, do you trouble your selves so much, to establish

eſtabliſh your glory here below, for to perſwade us at the end of the journall onely this, *That you have been*? An atome has the ſame advantage, for this *creating power*, which we adore, after he had taken it out of the *abyſſes* of nothing, wherein you alſo were buried, made it to ſubſiſt in *nature*. Be it that you have been the *greateſt* on *Earth*, yet now the fair light of your fair daies, is extinguiſh'd for ever. The Sun of your glory is eclips't, and in an eternall *Weſt*. And that your fate which interloomed the web of your greatneſſes, together with your lives, lies entomb'd with your *Aſhes*, to ſhew us that theſe are the onely *unhallowed reliques* which your Ambition could leave us.

Yet thus is it a bleſſedneſſe of our condition, thus to eſcape by little and little the miſeries which are incident unto us.

You have been then otherwhile the onely *Minions* of *Fortune*, like *Demetrius*, but he and you are now no more any thing, not ſo much as a handfull of *Aſhes*; for leſſe than with an Infinite power, 'twere impoſſible to any, to reunite into a body, the parcels of the *Duſt*, whereof your Carkaſſes were formed, behold

hold in what consists at this day, the foundation of your past glorie.

You have bin then otherwhile the same as SALADINE the onely *Monarch* of the *East*, and have possest (as he) treasures without number, and honours without parallel: But (as *He*) also you have done nothing else but passe away, and like him again you have not been able to hide your wretchednesse, but under a Scarp of *Linnen*, whereof the *Worms* have repasted, to manifest you to all the World.

If vertue eternize not our memory, our life passeth away like the wind, without leaving any trace.

In fine, you have been otherwhile the wonders of our daies, but now you are the horrour of the present, for the onely thought of the dung-heap of your *Ashes* possons my spirit, so delicate i'st, and leave farther provocation to the incredulous, if they be willing to stronger witnesses of it, but let now leave persouall reflections, and trouble we not the repose of *Churchyardes*.

I grant that you may be at the instant that I speak unto you, so rich and happie, that you cannot wish more of *Fortune*, nor *She* able

offer you more: Yet thus ought you to consider where you are, who you are, and what are the goods which you possesse. You are in the World, where all things flie away, and 'tis in this way of flying away, that you read these verities: my meaning is, you dwel upon the same earth, whereof you are formed, and consequently you lodge upon your *buriall-places*, whose entrances will be open at all moments. To say who you are, I am ashamed, in calling you by your proper names, for to remembrance you your miseries: *Corruption* conceaves you, *Horrour* infants you, *Blood* nourishes you, *infection* accompanies you in the Coffin. The treasures which you enjoy are but *Chimeras* of greatnesse and apparitions of glorie, whereof living you make experiment, and dying you perfectly know the truth on't.

He which esteems himself rich and happy in this world, knows not the nature of worldly happinesse and riches.

To what end then can stead you your present felicities, since at present you scarce enjoy them at

There is nothing so constantly present with us, as our miseries, since always we are miserable enough at best.

at all? for even at *this* verie *instant* another, which is but newly upon *passe*, robs you of part of them; and even thus giving you him of the cosenage of his companions, *cheates* you too, as well as they; and thus they do altogether to your *lives*, as well as your contentments: in ravishing these, they *intrain* the others: then what remonstrance can you exhibit of esteeming your selves happy for *past* felicities, and which you have not *enjoyed* but in way of *depart*? And if this condition be agreeable unto you, still there is a necessitie of setting up your rest at the end of the carreere, and there it is, where I attend to contribute to your vain waylings, as manie resentments of Pitie. Take we another track without losing our selves.

How much better it is to be so happy in fishing, *as to angle for* grace, *in the tears of penitence?*

How ingenious was that famous Queen of *Egypt*, to deceive with good grace her *Lover*. She caused underhand dead fishes to be ensnared to the hook of *Antonie*, as often as the toy took him

to go a fishing, to the end to make him some sport by those pleasant deceits. May we not say that *Ambition* doth the same? for when we cast our hooks into this vast *Ocean* of the *vanities*, of the *world*, we fish but *Dead* things without soul, whose acquirement countervailes not a moment of the *Time*, wch we employ to attain it.

Had I all the goodliest fardles of the world laded on my back; I mean, had I acquir'd all the honours, wherewith fortune can tickle an *ambitious soul*, should I thence become greater of body? my growing time is past, would my *Spirit* thence become more excellent? these objects are too weak to *ennoble* her *Powers*. Should I thence become more vertuous? *Vertue* looks for no satisfaction *out* of it self. Should I thence be more esteemed of the world? This is but the glorie of a *wind*, which doth but passe away. What happinesse what contentment, or what utilitie, would remain me then, that I

'Tis to no purpose to be passionate for such goods as a man may loose, and the world can give no better.

might be at reſt? A *Man* muſt not ſuffer himſelf thus to be fool'd. All honours can be but a burden to an *innocent* ſoul, for ſo much as they are continuall objects of vanitie, which ſtir up the paſſions and onely ſerve but for nouriſhment to them in their violences to hurrie them into all ſorts of extremities. And after all, the *neceſſitie* of *dying*, which makes an inſeparable accident in our condition, *gloomes* the glittering of all this *vain* glorie, which environs *us*. In the anguiſhes of *Death*, a man dreams not of the *grandeurs* of his life, & being even and anon upon point to depart finds himſelf often afflicted *with* with thoſe good things which he *poſſeſſeth*, meaſuring alreadie the depth of the *fall* by the height of the place whither he is *exalted*.

'Tis an irkſome remembrance of paſt happineſſe

* He which found *Fortune* at the gate, found no naile to ſtay her wheele: But if *Shee* on the *one* ſide takes a pleaſure to ruine *Empires* to deſtroy realmes, and to precipitate her favourites: *Death* on the

* *Galba.*

other side pardons no body, alters the temperament of all sorts of humours, perverts the order of every kind of habitude, and not content yet to beat down all these great *Colosses* of *Vanity*, which would be taken for the worlds wonders, calls to the sharing of their ruine the elements, thus to bury their materials in their first abysses, where she hath designed the place of their entombment.

What can a *Man* then find *constant* in the world, where constancy doth no where reside? *Time*, *Fortune*, *Death*, *our passions*, and a *thousand* other stumbling blocks shall never speak oher language to us but of our *miseries*, and yet we will suffer our selves like *ALEXANDER* to be voyc'd *immortall*. Our prosperities, our grandeurs, our very delights themselves, shall tell us, as they passe, a word in our ear, that we ought not to *trust* them, and yet for all this, we will never sigh but after them. Be it then at last for very *regret*, to have vented to the wind

All things passe away, and by their way tell us that we must do so too.

so many vain sighs, for *Chimera's* of sweets, whereof the *remembrance* cannot be but full of *bitternesse*.

No security of pleasure, to enjoy such things as may every moment be lost.

Vain honours of the world, tempt me no more: your allurements are powerfull, but too weak to vanquish me. I *deride* your wreaths of *Laurell*, there growes more on't in my *garden* then you can give me. If you offer me esteem, and reputation among men, what should I doe with your presents? *Time* devoures every day the like of them; and yet more precious. I undervalue all such *Good-things*, as it can take away again from me.

Worldly Greatnesses are but like Masking cloathes, which serve him and the other but for that time.

Deceitfull greatnesses of the *Earth*, cease to pursue me, you shall never catch me, your *charms* have given some *hits* to my *heart*, but *not* to my *soule*, your *sweets* have touched my *senses*, but not my *spirit*; what have you to offer me, which can *satisfie* me? *Time* and Fortune lend you all the Scepters and Crowns which you *borrow*, and as you are not the owners, they *take* them away

away again when they will, and not when it *pleaseth* you. So then, I will have no Scepters for an *hour* nor no Crownes for *a day*. If I have desire to raigne, 'tis *beyond* Time; that I may thus be under shelter from the inconstancy of *Ages*. Trouble not your selves to follow me. This world is a masse of mire, upon which a man may make impresse of all sorts of Characters, but not hinder Time to deface the draught at any time. Ambitious Spirits, fair leave have you to draw the Stell of your designes upon this ready prim'd cloth: Some few yeares wipe out all. Some ages carry away all, and the remembrance of your follies is onely immortall in your soules, by the eternall regreet which remaines you of them.

SCIPIO made design to conquer *Carthage*, and after he had cast the project thereof upon mould, he afterwards took the body of this shadow, and saw the effect of his desires: But may not one say, that the Trophies of his

valour have been caſt in rubbidg within that maſſe of dirt, whereof the world is compoſed, ſince all the marks thereof are effaced? *Carthage* it ſelfe though it never had life, could not avoid its death. Time hath buried it ſo deep under its own ruines, that we ſeek in vain the place of its Tomb. I leave you to ruminate, if its ſubduer were himſelf able to reſiſt the aſſaults of this Tyrannie.

If *ALEXANDER*, had ſent his thoughts into heaven, there to ſeek a new world, as well as his deſires on earth there to find one, he had not loſt his time; but as he did amuze himſelf to engrave the hiſtory of his ambition and triumphs upon the ſame maſſe of clay, which he had conquered; he writ upon water, and all the characters on't are defaced. The Realms which he ſubdued, have loſt ſome of them their names, & of this Triumpher there remains us but the *Idea* as of a dream, ſince men are ready to require *Security* even of his *Memory*, for the wonders

There is more glory to deſpiſe the world, than to conquer it: for after its conqueſt, a man knowes not what to doe with it.

ders which it preacheth to us of him

May we not then again justly avow, that of all the conditions, to which a man may be advanced without the aid of vertue, either by Nature or Fortune, there is none more infortunate, then to be to these a favorite, no any more miserable than to a *Great-one*? This inconstant goddess hath a thousand favours to lend, but to give, none but haltars poysons, ponards and precipices. 'Tis a fine thing to see *Hannibal* begging his bread even in view of *Scipio*, after he had called in question the price of the worlds Empire-dome. Is it not an object worthy of compassion, to consider *Nicias* upon his knees before *Gillippus*, to beg his own and the Athenians lives, after he had in a manner commanded the winds at Sea, and Fortune ashore, in a government soveraignly absolute, who will not have the same resentments of pity, reading the history of *Crassus*, then when by excesse of disaster he surviv'd both his glory and reputation, constrained

All those who engage themselvs to the service of fortune, are ill paid; and of this, every day gives us experience.

All those who hound after fortune, are well pleased to be deceived, since her deceits are so wel knowne.

to assist at the funerals of his owne renowne, and undergoe the hard conditions of his enemies, attending death to free him from servitude? Will you have no regreet, to see enslaved under the tyranny of the *Kings* of *Egypt*, the great *Agesilaus*, whose valour was the onely wonder of his *Time*? What will you say to the deplorable *Fate* of *Cumenes*, to whom Fortune having offered so often Empires, gives him nothing in the end, but chaines, so to die in captivitie?

You see at what price *Men* have bought the *favours* of this Goddesse, when manie times the severity of a happy life produceth the storm of an unfortunate *Death*. You may judge also at the same time, of what Nature are these heights of *honour*, when often the *Greatest* at Sun-rise, finds themselves at the end of the Day, the most miserable. And suppose Fortune meddle not with them, to what extremity of misery think you is a man reduc't at the hour

hour of his departure? All his *Grandeurs*, though yet present, are but as past felicities, he enjoys no more the goods which he possesses, greefs onely appertain to him in proper, and of what magnificence so'ere he is environed, this object shows him but the image of a funerall pomp, his bed already Emblemes the Sepulcher, the Sheets his winding linnen, wherein he must be inveloped. So that if he yet conceit himself *Great*, 'tis onely in misery. Since all that he sees, heares, touches, smells, and tasts, sensibly perswades him nothing else.

I wonder not if rich men be afraid of death, since to them it is more dreadfull then to any.

Give Resurrection in your thoughts, to great *Alexander*, and then again conceive him at last gaspe, and now consider in this deplorable estate, wherein he finds himself involv'd upon his funerall couch, to what can stead him all the *grandeurs* of his life past, they being also past with it. I grant that all the *Earth* be his: yet you see how the little load of that of his body weighs so heavy

Fortune sells every day the glory of the world to any that will, but none but fools are her chapmen.

heavy on his soul, that it is upon point to fall groveling under the burden. I grant that all the glorie of the world belongs to him in proper, he enjoys nothing but his miseries. I yeeld moreover, that all *Mankinde* may be his subjects: yet this absolute soveraignty, is not exempt from the servitude of pain. Be it, that with the onely thunder of his voice he makes the Earth to tremble: yet he himself cannot hold from shaking at the noise of his own sighs. I grant in fine, that all the Kings of the world render him homage: yet he is still the tributary of *Death*.

O grandeurs! since you flie away without cease, what are you but a little wind? and should I be an Idolater of a little tossed *Ayre*, and which onely moves but to vanish to its repose?

Omnis motus tendit ad quietem.

O greatnesse! since you do but passe away, what name should I give you but that of a *dream*? Alas, why should I passe my life in your pursuite, still dreaming after you?

O worldly

O worldly greatneſſes, ſince you bid *Adieu* to all the world without being able to ſtay your ſelves one onely moment; *Adieu* then, your allurements have none for me, your ſweets are bitter to my taſte, and your pleaſures afford me none. I cannot run after that which flies: I can have no love for things which paſſe away; and ſince the world hath nothing elſe, 'tis a long while that I have bidden *adieu* to it. It had promiſed me much, and though it had given me nothing, yet cannot I reproach it, finding my ſelf yet too *rich* by reaſon of its hardneſſe. But I return to the point.

worldly Greatneſſes are but childrens triſles, every wiſe man deſpiſes them.

Men of the World would perſwade us, that it is impoſſible to find any quiet in it, to ſay, a firm ſetling of Spirit, wherein a man may be content in his condition, without ever wiſhing any other thing. And for my part, I judge nothing to be more eaſie, if we leave to reaſon its abſolute power. What impoſſibility can there be, to regulate a mans will to Gods?

The onely means to be content is to ſettle the conſcience in peace.

And

And what contradiction in't, to live upon earth of the pure benedictions of heaven? What greater riches can a man wish then this, to be able to undergo the Decrees of his Fate, without murmuring and complaint? If *Riches* consisted onely in Gold, Diamonds, Pearls, or such like things of like raritie, those which have not of them, might count themselves miserable. But every man carries his treasure in his conscience. He which lives without just scandall, lives happily; and and who can complain of a happy life?

Riches *are of use to human life, but not of necessity, for without them a man may live content.*

But if to have the hap of these felicities of this life, a man judge presently, that he ought of necessity to have a great number of riches: This is to enslave himself to his own opinion, abounding in his proper sense, and condemning reason for being of the contrary part. I know well that a man is naturally swayed to love himself more then all things of the world, and that this love

love proceeds from the passion of our interest, seeking with much care and pain, all that may contribute to our contentments; and whereas Riches seem to be Nurses of them, this consequence is incident to be drawn, that without them is no contented living. But at first dash, it is necessary to distinguish this love into Naturall and Brutall, and believe, that with the illumination of reason, we may purifie the relishes of the first, even to the point of rendring them innocent, without departing from our interests, and consequently the enjoyment of our pleasures, giving them for object, the establishment of our setled content, in misprision of all those things of the world, which may destroy it.

When Reason *reigns, the passions obey.*

As for this brutish *Love*, which estranging us from God, separates us also from our selves; the passion of it becomes so strong by our weakness, that without a speciall grace we grow old in this malady of Spirit of contenting our

our Senses, rather then obeying our Reason, making a new God of the Treasures of the Earth. But in conclusion, these Gods abandon our bodies to the Worms, and our souls to the Devils. And for all their *riches*, the greatest *Great ones* can onely purchase a glorious Sepulture. Is not this a great advantage, and a goodly consolation?

He whose will submits to Gods will, lives ever content.

Maintain we boldly, that a man may find quietnes of life in all sorts of conditions, with the onely *richnesse* of a tractable Soul, resign'd to take the time as it comes, & as God sends it, without ever arguing with his providence. There is no affliction, whereto our Soul cannot give us asswage. There is no ill whereto it self is not capable to furnish us a remedy. A man, how miserable somever, may find his contentment amidst his miseries, if he lives for his soul more then for his bodies behalf. God makes us to be born where he will, and of what Parents he pleases: & the poornes of our birth

The Spirit of a Man will bear his infirmity.

accom-

accompany us even to death, he hath ſo ordained it; what can elſe do but let him ſo do? Can he be accounted miſerable, that obey's with good grace his ſoveraigns decrees?

O, how is it far more eaſie to undergo the burthen of much *poverty* then of great *riches*! For a man extreamly *poor*, is troubled with no thoughts more important, then onely how to find means to paſſe his life in the auſterities whereto he is already habituated, without repining after other fortune, as being eſtranged equally both from his knowledge and reach; in which reſpects, he may well be ſtil'd *happy*. But a man very *rich*, dreams of nothing but to eternize the continuance of his days (although his fancy be in vain) inſtead of letting them quietly ſlide away; inſomuch, that being poſſeſt with no paſſion more then love of life, he thinks alwaies to live, and never to die. But *Death* comes ere he thinks on't, and taking

'Tis a greater danger to be very rich, *then very* poor: *for* riches *often makes men loſe their way, but* poverty *keeps 'em in the ſtraight* path.

Death *cannot be said to deceive any body, for it is infallible, and yet the world complains of it.*

taking from him all to his very shirt, constrains him to confesse, that *riches* are onely profitable by misprision, since by the contempt a man makes of them, he may become the richest of the world.

O what a sensible pleasure 'tis to be Rich, say worldly men alwaies! but I would fain know, in what consists this contentment? what satisfaction can there be had to possesse much treasure, knowing what an infinite number of our companions are reduc'd to the last point of poverty? Some in Hospitals, where they lie in straw, overwhelmed with a thousand fresh griefs. Others at the corner of a street, where a piece of a Dung-hill serves them at once, both for bed and board. Some again in Dungeons, where horrour and affright, hunger and despair tyrannize equally over their unfortunate spirits. And others in some Desert, to which ill fate has confined them, to make their ills remediless, as being far removed

moved from all ſorts of ſuccours. How with the knowledge of theſe truths, a man ſhall be able to reliſh greedily the vain ſweets of worldly riches, it muſt needs be for want of reaſon or pity, and conſequently to be altogether bruſh or inſenſible. I ſhall have (ſuppoſe) a hundred thouſand crownes in rents, and all this revenue ſhall ſerve but to nouriſh my body and its pleaſures, without conſidering, that a hundred thouſand poor ſoules ſigh under the heavy burden of their miſeries every Day: and yet men ſhall eſteem me happy in being rich in this ſate. *O how dangerous are the treaſures, which produce theſe felicities!*

There is no emptineſſe in nature, for miſeries fill al

Is it poſſible, that the *Great-ones* of the world doe not thinke at all in the middle of their *Feaſts*, of the extream poverty of an infinite number of perſons, and that in themſelves they do not reaſon ſecretly in this ſort. What? in this inſtant that we ſatiate the appetite of our ſenſes, with all that nature

It is a brave generoſit e, to be ſenſible of othermens miſeries.

ture hath produced moſt delicious for their entertain; a million and many more poor ſoules, are reduced to this extremitie, as not to have one onely crumb of bread. And in this ſerious thought what reliſh can they find in their *beſt-cook'd cates*, and in their ſweeteſt condiment? does not this important conſideration, mingle a little bitterneſſe? But if their ſpirits eſtrange themſelves from theſe meditations, and faſten to objects more agreeable, Ohow hard of digeſtion is the ſecond ſervice of their collation! *He which cannot love his neighbour, hath no love for himſelfe.*

To ſpeak ingenuouſly, every time when I conſider in that condition exempt from want, wherein God hath given me birth, and wherein his goodneſſe (which is no other than himſelfe) keeps me ſtill alive. I ſay, when I conſider the miſery to which the greateſt part of the world is reduced, I cannot be weary of bleſſing this adorable Providence, which grants me to ſee from the haven, the tempeſts wherein

wherein ſo many ſpirits are toſſed which grace to me alone (me thinks) is all extraordinary to ſee my ſelfe under ſhelter, from ſo many evils, wherewith ſo many perſons are *afflicted*. By what meanes could I deſerve, before the Creation of all things, that this ſoveraigne *Creator* ſhould deſigne me from the Abyſſes of nothing, to give me *Being*, and a being moreover of *grace*, making me to be born in a *Golden age*, in a *Chriſtian Kingdome*, and in a City of the *Catholike Faith*, for to be inſtructed and brought up as I have been in the onely Religion, wherein a man may find his *Salvation*? and with all theſe benefits, moreover, to elevate me above the *temptations* of poverty & miſery.

All in God is adorable, and all incomprehenſible; we muſt then adore, & be ſilent.

Are not theſe moſt pure favours which would require of this *Eternall* O N E, (who hath beſtowed them me) the tearm of an *Eternity*, that I might be able to arrive to ſome ſmall condigne acknowledgment of them? The moſt

most miserable wretch of the world, wherein did he differ from me in way of merit of some portion of these favours, which he possesseth not; since that before time was; he and I were nothing at all, and yet from all eternitie *God* hath bestowed these things on me in precedencie, rather than on him? At least (say I) it did behoove me, that since the first moment, I was capable of reason, I had employed all those of my life past in the continuall *meditation* of so many, and so great benefits, whereof to reach the reason, 'twere to find the bottoms of the Abysses of this infinite mercy, to which I remain infinitely indebted? And comming to the point, ought not I in this preheminence of *mine* contribute all my power to the succour of him, who enjoyeth not my happinesse, to the end, thus to deserve in a manner, some partie of them under the favour of merits from this great *God*, who onely gives reward to those good actions, which he makes me do.

The nearest way from Earth to Heaven is by Charitie.

Can

Can I refuse to be *charitable* to him, who onely begs *some good* of me, but to render me worthy of *that*, which I have received from *heaven*? I shall have al things to my wish amidst my pleasures, when *Death* it selfe is deafe to his plaints, in extremitie of his paines And shall not I give him some sort of consolation, either in good office, or in pity, being thereunto obliged by yet more powerfull reasons?

Great-ones of the World, you are more miserable then these miserable ones, even in the mid'st of your felicities, if the recite of their evils give you not some *rowb*. You have riches more then they, but *God* hath given you these, but to *cheer* their poverty. As well also, though they now are yours, shall they take leave of you, at the *Even* of your depart, and if of them you carry any thing away, it shall be onely the interests of that which you have lent these Poor-ones.

Earthly greatnesse is the least gift of Heaven.

Great worldly-ones, how is your fate

fate worthy of compassion rather then Envy, if you have no other Paradise then your riches?

Grandees of the World, how soon will the source of your contentments dry up, if only your treasures give it spring-head?

He whose hopes are onely on the world, must needs at last despair.

Great worldly-ones! of how short endurance shall be your prosperities, though an Age should be limit to their course, since at the end of that tearm you must die eternally, and die in a pain alwaies living. Suggest to yourselves often these importances. *Visit and turn over the leaf to read more of them.*

When I consider the great number of *Emperours*, *Kings*, *Princes*, and *Lords*, which have governed the *World*, and the Battels which they have given for its conquests, since the moment of its creation, I remain all amaz'd not able to find bounds nor measure in this amuzement. How many severall Masters may a man imagine then, that the

Worl

World hath had? and how many times conquered, dividing it into divers Empires, Kingdoms, and Lordships? Well, yet the World hath ſtill remained the ſame, and in the ſame place ſtill: but its Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, are vaniſhed away, one at the heels of other, and all their couqueſts have ſerved them onely as matter of Paſſe-time, ſince all their combats & battels, have had no other price of Victory, but upon the ſame earth, where their glory and bodies remain together enterred.

Hours, Days, Years, and Ages may well be different, but the world is ſtill the ſame.

O goodly childiſh ſport, to amuze themſelves about conquering ſome little point within the limits, wherewith the Univerſe is bounded! Ask but *Alexander* what he hath done with the booties of his Conqueſt. When he had taken away all, he had yet nothing, and of himſelf now remains there nothing at all. *Ambition, behold the reverſe of thy Medall.*

LORD, Preſerve to me al-

Why should any love the world, which deceives all that trust in it?

waies, (if it pleaſe) this humour wherein I now find my ſelf, to miſprize all the things of the world, and *It* too with paſſion. Give me a heart wavering and inconſtant, to this end, that it may unceſſantly change from all worldly Love, till it be ſubjected to the ſweet Empire of thy Love. Render, render evermore my ſpirit unquiet, untill that it hath found its repoſe in thee alone, the foundations of ſuch a reſt are unremoveable. I will give for nothing all my pretentions on earth, for thereto pretend I nothing at all. *Heaven* onely is *my mark and aim. Now you ſhall ſee ſoon the end of the Chapter.*

Theſe wiſe worldly ones have had no other recompence of their folly, but ſuch a blaſt of Fames Trump.

How was it poſſible that the glory of thoſe brave *Romans* of former time, could any way arrive to that point (though they aimd at it) whereto the renown of *Rome* it ſelf could never attain? What a folly was it, that they ſought immortality amid'ſt this inconſtancy of Ages, where *Death* onely was in his Kingdom, for they

they assisted every day, at the funerall of their renowned companions, and after they had seen their bodies reduced into ashes, they might with the same eye, more over, contemplate their shadows, I mean their statues, metamorphosed into dust, and all their reputation served but as a wind to bear them away into an infinity of *Abysses*, since as a Wind, being nothing else, it flies away with these heaps of ruin, so far both from the eye, and all memory, that in the end, there is no more thought on't.

In effect, all these *great men* of the World did see buried every moment the hope of this vain glory, whereof their ambition was alwaies labouring to make acquist; and yet not one of them for all this, slipt back; as if they took a pride in their vanities, and the folly of them were hereditary. CÆSAR had seen the death of *Pompey*, and with him all the glory of his renown, and *Pompey*, had seen buried in the tomb of

Ambition never elevates, but to give a greater fall.

Time, and *Oblivion*, the renown of that great *Scipio*, whose valour more redoubted then the thunder had made the *Earth* tremble so oft. *Scipio* in his turn might have read the Epitaph, which despair, shame, and disaster had graven in letters of Gold upon the Sepulture of *Hannibal*, and *Hannibal* might have learn't to know by the unconstancy of the Age, wherein he liv'd, before he made experiment of them, the misfortunes, and miseries, which are inseparable to our condition. And yet notwithstanding, all of them stumbled one after other, upon one and the same Stumbling-stone.

The richest of the world at last is found as poor as the poorest companion.

I am not come into *Persia*, for the conquest of treasures, said *Alexander* to *Parmenio*: take thou all the riches, and leave me all the glory: but after good calculation, neither of them both had any thing at all. These riches remained in the world still, to which they properly appertained, and this vain-glory saw its lover

lover die, without it self being seen. Insomuch that after so great conquests, the worms have conquered this great *Monarch*, and as the dunghill of his ashes ha's no sort of correspondence with this so famous name of *Alexander*, which otherwhile he bore, tis not to be said, what he hath been, seeing what he is now, I mean his present wretchednesses efface every day the memory of his past greatnesses.

Ambitious spirits, though you should conquer a thousand worlds, as he did this one, you should not be a whit richer for all these conquests. The *Earth* is still as it was, it never changes nature. All her honours are not worth one tear of repentance: all its glory is not to be prized with one sigh of contrition. I grant that the noise of your renown may resound through the four corners of the Universe: That of SALADINE which went round it all, could not exempt him from the mishaps of life, nor

miſeries of *Death*. After he had encoffered all the riches of the Eaſt, yet finds he himſelf ſo poor for all that, hardly can he take along with him ſo much as a *Sh'rt*.

Embalm then the Air which you breath, with a thouſand *Odours*, be Served in Plate of *Gold*, Lie in *Ivory*, Swim in *Honours*, and laſtly, let all your actions glitter with magnificence; the laſt moment of your life ſhall be judge of all thoſe, which have preceded it,: then ſhall you be able at your *Death*, to tell me the worth of this vain glory, whereof you have been *Idolaters*, and after your *Death*, you ſhall reſent the paine of an eternall regreet, having now no more opportunity to repent you to any effect.

'Tis the greateſt horror of death, to render account of all the moments of life.

Believe me, all is but *Vanity*, *Honours*, *Glory*, *Riches*, *Praiſe*, *Eſteem*, *Reputation*, All this is but ſmoak during Life, and after *Death*, nothing at all. The *Grands* of the world have made a little more noyſe then others by the way

way. But this Noyse is ceas'd, their light is extinguish't, their memory buried. And if men speak of them sometimes, the answer is returned with a shake of the head, intimating no more words of them, since such a Law of silence, *Time* hath imposed hereon. Seek your glory in *God*, and your Honour in the contempt of this earthy Honour, if you will enternize your renown, in the perpesuity of Ages.

I have no more to say to you, after these truths.

* *

*

A PROLUSIVE

Upon the EMBLEM *of the third Chapter.*

A Funerall *Herse* with wreaths of Cypres crested,
A *Skeleton* with Robes imperiall vested,
Dead march, sad looks, no glorious circumstance
Of high Achievements, and victorious Chance,
Are these fit Trophy's for a *Conqueroun*
These are the Triumphs of the *Emperour*
ADRIAN, who chose this *Sable* Heraldry
Before the popular guilded Pageantry,
'Stead of Triumphall Arches he doth rear
The Marble Columns of his *Sepulcher*.
No publick honours wave his strict intent,
To shrine his Triumph in his *Monument*.
The *Conscript Fathers* and *Quirites* all
Intend his welcome to the *Capitoll*.
The vast expence one day's work would have cost,
He wiser far (since t'ther had been lost)
To build a *Mausolæum* doth bestow,
Which now at *Rome* is call'd *Saint* * *Angelo*;

* *Molem Adriani nunc Castrum S. Angeli.*

* *Pons Ælius.*

Where

ADRIAN Emperour of Rome *Celebrates himselfe his* Funeralls, *and causes his* Coffin *to be carried in Triumph before him.*

Where to this Day, from *Ælius Adrian's*
Name,
The *Ælian*,* Bridge doth ſtill revive his
fame.
Now was the peoples expectation high,
For wonted pompe and glitt'ring Che-
valry:
But lo their *Emp'rour* doth invite 'em all,
Not to a Shew, but to his *Funerall*.
They look for *Gew-Gaw* fancies; his wiſe
ſcorn
Contemns thoſe Vanities, leaves their hope
forlorn.
For ſince all's ſmother'd in the *Funerall*
Pile,
He will not dally with 'em for a while.
This was *Self-Victory*, and deſerveth more
Then all the Conqueſts he had won be-
fore.
What can *Death* do to ſuch a man, or
Fate,
Whoſe Reſolutions them anticipate?
For ſince the *Grave* muſt be the latter *end*,
Let our preventing thoughts firſt thither
tend.
Bravely *reſolv'd* it is, knowing the
worſt
What muſt be done at *laſt*, as good
at *firſt*.

THE MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. III.

O How glorious is the Triumph over *Death*? O how brave is the *Victory* over a Mans life! You see how this great * *Monarch* triumphs to day over that proud Triumpher *Death*, after the happy vanquishment of his passions. He enters into his *Empire* by the Port of his *Tomb*, thus to raign during his life, like a man that dies every moment; he celebrates himself his own *Funerals*, and is led in Triumph to his *Sepulcher* to learn to die generously. What a glory is this to over-awe *That*, which commands the whole world?

* Adrian.

world? what Courage is this, to assail and combate *That*, which none could ever yet resist? and what a power is it to tame *That* which never yet yielded? *Echo* her self hath not rebounds enow to resound aloud the wonders of this *Victory*.

This is not the Triumph of *Alexander*, when he made his entry into *Babylon*, mounted upon a Chariot as rich as the *Indies*, and more glistering then the *Sun*.

In this we see no other riches, but the rich contempt, which ought to be made of them; no other lustre, but of *Vertue*.

This is not the Triumph of *Cæsar* then, when he was drawn unto the *Capitoll* by forty Elephants, after he had won twenty four battels. In this we see nought else but a *funerall* pomp, but yet so glorious, that *Death* her self serves for a *Trophy* to it.

This is not the Triumph of *Epaminondas*, where the glorious lustre of the magnificence sham'd the splendour of the day, which yet

yet lent its light to it. The marvels which appear'd in this here, seem'd as celebrating in black the Exequies of all the other braveries of the world, since nothing can be seen more admirable then this.

To triumph over vice, is the noblest Trophie.

This is not the Triumph of *Aurelian* where all the graces are led captive with *Zenobia*. In this are to be seen no other captives but the world, and all its vanities, and their defeat is the richest Crown of the *Victor*.

This is not the Triumph of that pompous Queen of *Egypt* entring into *Cilicia*, where she rayst'd admiration to her self in a Galley of unutterable value, but in this we contemplate the more then human industry of a Pilote, who from the mid'st of the storms and tempest of the world, recovers happily to the Port, the ship of his life, though yet but in the way to approach to it.

In fine, this is not the Triumph of *Sesostris*, whose stately Chariot

riot four Kings drew. Passions are the onely slaves of this, and *Death* being here vanquisht, this honour remains immortall, and the name of the Triumpher.

All the glory of men vanisheth away with them.

Say we then once again, O how glorious a Triumph is this, over *Death*! *O how brave is the victory over our selves*! and the onely means thus to vanquish a mans-selfe, is to bury his *ambition* before his body be *ensepulchred*, preparing nevertheleſſe the tomb of both; to the end, that the continuall remembrances of *Death*, may serve for temperament and moderation to the delights of life.

We read of *Paulus Æmilius*, that returning to *Rome* laden with wreaths of Laurell, after the famous victory over the *Persians*; he made his entrance of triumph with so great pomp and magnificence, that the Sun seemed to rouz it self many times, as if upon design to contemplate these wonders.

Pompy desirous to expose to the view

view of day, all the magnificent presents, which Fortune had given him in his last conquests, entred now the third time in Triumph into the City of *Rome*, where the noise of his valour made as many Idolaters, as admirers, gaining hearts, and now conquering soules, as well as before Realms and Provinces: But it seems, that the glory, which accompanied him in this action had this defect, not to be sufficiently worthily known, even of those that were witnesses of it, as surpassing by much, all that they could possibly expresse of it.

Vanitie is a dangerous enemy, it flatters, onely to surprize.

There was seen advanced before his charriot, in ostentation, a Checker-worke composed of two sorts of precious stones, whose beauty set them beyond all price: But yet (me thinks) their sparkling might have in good time been a light to him, if by a feeling of fore-sight, touching the inconstancie of his fortune, he had caused to have been graven thereon the history of his mishaps. There

was

was admired in sequell; a *Statue* of the Moon, all of Gold, in form of a *Crescent*, and I am astonisht, that this Image of change and *Vicissitude*, made him not foresee the deturning of the Wheele, I mean the storme, that was to succeed the calme of his happinesse. He caused moreover to be carried before him a great number of Vessels of Gold, never thinking that *Death* might soon repleniſh some part of them with his ashes. There was seen to follow a mountain all of Gold, upon which were all sorts of animals, and many Trees of the same matter, and this mountaine was enrounded with a Vine, whose golden glittering dazled the eies of all that considered its wonders. This proud Triumpher was the *Orpheus* which to the *Lyrick* sound of his renown, attracted this mountaine, these Animals, these Trees, this Vine. But as *Orpheus*, so him also, Fortune destinated a *Prey* to the fury of *Bacchinals*, I mean the Eunuchs which put him to *Death*. Three Statues

Ambition *is an incurable disease of the* soule, *if in good time it be not looke too.*

Statues of gold, first *Jupiters*, then *Mars*, and then of *Pallas*, came after. These were his Gods and his Goddesse: what succours could he expect from these Deities, which had no subsistence, but in statue, and the copy of whose portraict had no principall? There was had in admiration moreover, thirty garlands all of gold, and Pearles: but these Crownes were too weighty for his head, from whence it came to passe, that he fell under the burden. A golden Chappell followed after, dedicated to the *Muses*, upon which was a great Horologe of the same materials. And as the Index still turned, ought not he to have considered, that the houre of his triumphing began to passe away, and that of his overthrow would presently sound, being sequell to the Lawes of that vicissitude, to which Fate hath subjected all things? His statue of gold enricht with diamonds, and pearls whereof nor he himselfe, nor he that enwrought them, knew the value,

A man had need to have an excellent memorie, not to forget himselfe among his honours.

followed

followed in its course, and in fine, this his shadow, was more happy than the true body, as having never been scuffled with, but by time, and the other was vanquisht with misetie. Then appeared the great *Pompey*, seated upon a throne where he and Fortune seemed to give lawes to the whole world, for his triumphall Charriot was so richly glorious, so magnificent in rarities, so splendide in new, and ne're-before-seen wonders, that a ravishment surprized mens spirits, elevating them at once from admiration to extasie, not giving them leasure to make reflection upon the present realties. But this Triumphall Charriot still howled about, and though the Triumpher remained seated in his place, yet his Fortune turned about likewise. Insomuch that in going to the Capitoll, he approacht by little and little to the bank, where his life and happinesse were equally interred.

Be it our constant meditation, of the inconstancie to which all worldly things are subjected.

In fine, for the fulnesse of glory, These proper names of the conquests,

quests, which he had made, were read in golden Characters: The Kingdome of *Pontus*, *Armenia*, *Cappadocia*, *Paphlagonia*, *Medea*, *Colchis*, the *Hiberians*, the *Albanians*, *Syria*, *Cilicia*, *Mesopotamia*, *Phœnicia*, *Palestina*, *Judea*, *Arabia*, and the *Rovers* of all the Seas. Who can be comparable to this proud Conquerour? and yet (I say it) having conquered and subjugated the greatest part of the Earth, Fate permits him not so much, as to expire upon it, and the Sea yet more treacherous, prepares him shipwrack in mid'st of the Port.

See Pliny's Nat. Historie, 7 Book, 26 Chapter.

Pride is the passion of fooles: for what a senselessnesse is it, to be proud, having so many miseries about us, which are incident to mortal man.

What resemblance, and what correspondence can there be now between this Triumph so sumptuous, so stately, and magnificent and *that*, whose presentation I show you, where *lowlinesse*, *humility* and *misery* hold the first rank and possesse the highest places? Assuredly the difference is great, but yet this inequalitie here is glorious, since it brings along with it the price of that vertue, where-

How poor is the vanity of man, having no other grounds but humane frailtie?

of *Pompey* deſpiſed the conqueſt. He in his Triumph, raiſed wonder to the beauty of thoſe two great precious ſtones. But the Sepulchrall Marbles, which appeared in this of *ADRIAN*, were of another eſtimate, becauſe prudence values them above all price, putting them to that employment, to which ſhe had deſtinated them. Again, if he expoſe to view in veſſels of gold, Mountaines, Animals, Trees, Vines, Statues of the ſame matter; This *Herſe* covered with *black*, which ſerves for ornament to this *Funerall* Pomp, containes yet much more treaſure, ſince the contempt of all together is graven therein. He makes oſtentation of his *ſtatue* of gold, enricht with Pearles: but our *Monarch* takes as much glory without them, ſhewing in his own bare Pourtraict, the originall of his miſeries. That proud conquerour had a thouſand Garlands and golden Coronets, as a novell Trophy: But ours here crownes himſelfe with *Cypreſſe* during his carreere

Except the crown of vertue all other are ſubject to change.

carreere of life, to merit those palmes which await him in the end. In fine, *Pompey* is the Idoll of hearts, and soules, and his Triumphall Chariot serves as an Altar, where he receives the vowes and Sacrifices: But this Prince, instead of causing Idolaters, during the sway of his Majestie, immolates himselfe up to the view of Heaven, and Earth, dying already in his own Funerals, and suffering himselfe to be as it were buried by the continuall object which dwels with him of *Death* and his *Tombe*. But if *Pompey* lastly boast himselfe to have conquered an infinite number of *Realmes*, of all the world together: * This *Man* having never had worse enemies than his passions, hath sought no other glory but to overcome them, and in their defeat, a Man may well be stil'd the conqueror of Conquerours; for the Coronall wreaths of this Triumph, feare not the Suns extremity, nor the Ages inconstancie. *We must passe farther.*

* Adrian.

Isidore

Isidore, and *Tranquillus*, do assure us, that to carry away the glory of a Triumph, it was necessarily required to vanquish five thousand enemies, or gain five victories, as it is reported of *Cæsar*. The consent of the Senate was also to be had. And the Conquerour was to be clothed in Purple, and Crowned with Laurell, holding a Scepter in his hand, and in this sort he was conducted to the Capitoll of *Jupiter*, where some famous Orator made a *Panegyricke* of his prowesse.

All the objects of Vanity *are so many* enemies, *against which we ought to be always in* arms.

What better *Allegory* can we draw from these prophane truths, then this of the *Victory*, which we ought to have of our *five Senses* (as of five thousand enemies) whose defeat is necessary to our triumph. These are the *five Victories*, which he must gain, that would acquire such Trophies, whose glory is taken away, neither by time nor *Death*.

Still to wage war *against our* passions, *is the way to live in* peace.

This consent of the Senate is the Authority of *our reason*, which alone

alone gives value and esteem to our actions, and 'tis of her that we may learn the means in obeying her to command over our passions, and by the conquest of of this way, triumph over *ourselves*, which is the bravest Victory of the World.

These Scepters and Crownes are so many marks of Soveraignty, which remain us in propriety after subjection of so many fierce enemies, *Heaven* is the Capitoll whither our good works conduct us in triumph, and where the voice of Angels serves for Orators to publish the glory of our deeds, whose renown remains eternall.

'Tis not all, to love Virtue, *'Tis the practice*

These great *Roman* Captains which made love to vertue though without perfect knowledge of it, have sought for *honour* and *glory* in the overthrow of their enemies, but they could never find the shadows of solid Honour, which thus they sought; from whence it came to passe that they have fashioned to themselves

ſelves diverſe *Chimera's*, for to repaſt their fancy too greedy of theſe cheating objects. Nor that there is no glory in a Conqueſt: but 'twas their ambition led them along in Triumph, amidſt their own Triumphing.

What honour had *Caſar* born away, if he had joyned to his Trophies the ſlavery of *Cleopatra*? he had expoſed to view a Captive Queen, who otherwhile had ſubjected him to her Love-dominion. But if the fortune of the war had delivered him this Princeſſe, the fate of Love would have given, even himſelf into her hands. Inſomuch, that the *Death* of *Cleopatra* immortalliz'd the renown of *Caſar*.

He triumphs with an ill grace, *o'rewhom his* vice *triumph.*

Aſdrubal, according to *Juſtin*, triumphed four times in *Carthage*, but this famous Theater of honour where glory it ſelf had appeared ſo often upon its Throne, ſerves in concluſion for a Trophy to a Conquerour, inſomuch, that it buried at once the renown, and memory, even of thoſe that had preſented

presented themselves *triumphant personages*.

To day *Memphis* is all-Triumphant, and on the morrow this proud City is reduced to slavery. To day the report of its glory makes the world shake, and on the morrow Travellers seek for it upon its own site, but finde it not. O goodly *triumph*! O fearfull *overthrow*! What continuall revolution of the *wheel*! *Marcellus* shews himself at point of *day* upon a magnificent Chariot of *Triumph*, and at *Sun-set* his *glory* and his *life* finish equally their *carreere*. I mean, in the twinckling of an eye, *Fortune* takes away from him all those Laurel-wreaths which she had given him, and leaves him nothing at his *death*, but the regreet of having liv'd too-long.

It may be some consolation in all our miseries, to see all else have their changes, as well as we.

Marius triumphed diverse times, but with what *tempests* was the *Ship* of his *fortune* entertained? Behold him now elevated upon the highest Throne of *Honour*, but if you turn but your head

you

you shall see him all naked in his *shirt*, half-buried under the mire of a common *Sink*, where the *light* of the *day* troubles him, not being able to endure the *Sun*, a witnesse of his misfortunes. Behold him first, I say, in all abundance of *Greatnesse*, and *Soveraignty*, whereof the *splendour* dazles the world; but stay a little, and you shall hear pronounc'd the sentence of his *death*, being abandoned even of himself, having no more hope of safety.

How pompeous and celebrious was the Triumph of *Lucullus*? In which, he rais'd admiration to the magnificence of an hundred Gallies all-armed in the Prow; a thousand Chariots charged with Pikes, Halberts, and Corselets, whose shocking rumbles sounded so high, it frighted the admirers, though they celebrated the *Festivall* of the *Victorie*. The number of Vessels of Gold, and other Ornaments of the Triumph, was without number. The Statue of *Mithridates* also of Gold, six

foot high, with the Target all covered with precious Stones, serv'd anew to the Triumph. And of this *Glory* all the world together was an *adorer*; for the renown of the *Conquerour* had diverse times surrounded the *Universe*.

Great Men *cannot commit* little *faults*.

But, what *shame* after so much *glory*! What *infamy* after so great *honour*! *Lucullus*, victorious over so many Empires, is found in fine subjected under the dominion of his *pleasures*: his *valour* ha's made may *slaves* every, where, and yet his *sottishnesse* renders hm in the end *slave* to his own *passions*. Insomuch, that after he had exalted the *splendour* of *Rome's* beauty, by his brave *actions*, worthy-admiration, he again blouzeth it's *lustre* by his excessive *deboshes*, all black with *vice*. And now 'tis in vain to seek for *Lucullus* triumphant, since he is onely to be found overthrown in reputation, in which he survives; thus rendring himself doubly miserable.

W

We read of *Epaminondas*, that returning victorious from the *Leuctrians*, he received with regreet the *Present* of the *honour* of *Triumph*, which the Senate had prepared him, apprehending evermore the *deturne* of the *Wheele*: so that the next morrow after the *Festivall*, he took on him *mourning habit*, to prepare himselfe betimes to suffer the *change* of his *fortune*.

Plutarchus in Apophtheg. Reg. & Imp. *Tristis sollicitusq; circumivit urbem.*

It is remark't in the history of *Demetrius* that entring in *Triumph* into *Athens*, the people cast flowers, and an infinite number of golden Globes up and down the streets, for a sign of a sumptuous congratulation. But what signe of *Vicissitude* and frailty, could there be more apparent, than this, which these flowers represented, since there is nothing more fraile in Nature than they? And these balles shewed also by their round, and still rouling figure, that the glory whereof they were the symbole, and *Hieroglyphick*, could not be firm, and stable according

We are but as so many flowers plantedby Nature in thegarden of the Earth, & onely Deathgathers us.

as *Truth* it selfe soon after published by a sudden change, which rendred the fate of this Victor deplorable.

In like respect also we are as Bowles, for still we rowle along to the grave.

Consider a little upon the same subject, what revolutions hath the Ball of Empire made since the first *Monarch*, let it fall at his *Death* is it not credible, that it hath run over diverse times the circuit of the Universe, and its figure instructs us, that in the inconstancy which is proper to all created things, it will still rowle incessantly from one to another; without ever staying, since its Center is no where at all? For so long as the world shall endure, a continual vicissitude will be its foundation. And what meanes can there be to find a seat upon the earth, which may be sheltered from inconstancy, which reigns soveraignly and necessarily, as essentiall to whatsomever subsists here below. *I have not been far, behold me upon my returne.*

Tertullian assures us, that in the Triumphs of the *Romans*, the

was a man waged to cry aloud to the *Triumpher*,

Remember thou art a Man.

Plinie passeth farther yet, and tells us, that they were accustomed to put an iron ring upon the *Conquerours* finger, in sign of servitude, as if silently to intimate unto him, that he was besides himselfe, by an excesse of vanity in this amplitude of honour, wherein he saw himselfe elevated above his companions. And upon the same subject, a great number of Historians do adde, that about the Charriot of the *Triumpher*, there were two men assigned, the one carrying a *Deaths-head*, the other the Image of a *Peacock*, and both continually crying,

REMEMBER THAT THOU ART A MAN.

Worldly honours are so many temptations, to make us idolatrize our selves.

Certainly, vanity makes great *Prize* of us, then when we are elevated to some eminent degree of honour. And though our heads be but as of *dead-mens*, for we are dying unceassantly, and our miseries resemble us to those Images of

Vanitie is a dangerous enemie, since it betraies us while it seemes to oblige us, by the complacence which it gives us,

Peacocks, which cannot bear uptrain
but upon ugly Feet: Yet our blind-
nesse is so great, and this Selfe-love
so extream, that men are dazled
with too much splendour and ama
becomes slave to himselfe by lo
ving himself with too much passion
Greatnes and prosperity never le
themselves be possest, but to take gre
ter possession of us. And as they have
allurements to charme us, and
sweets to ravish us; a *Man* had
need implore the succour o
Divine grace, if he would escape
their pleasing tyrannie, and not
thing but flight from them, or
contempt, can give us weapons to
resist them. *Let us still returne to th*
point.

We read of *Judas Macchabeus*,
that returning victorious from Ga
lilee, the people conducted him in
the Temple, by a way all tapistred
with flowers. *Abraham* after he
had vanquished five Kings, was
received in Triumph into *Salem*,
now called *Hierusalem*.

Iudith received the honour of
Triumph by the destruction of
Holofernes

Holofernei, and all the people of *Bethulia* laden with *Palme*, to make her triumph all wreaths, cried out in her favour, *Behold the glory of Hierusalem, and the joy of all her Nation.*

Joseph shews himself in *Triumph* also upon the Chariot of *Pharaoh*, who puts his royall Ring upon his finger, gives him his chain of gold and makes him publickly, to be acknowledged for the second person of *Egypt*. *Gen. 41. 41, 42. &c.*

David triumphs over *Goliah*, with a magnificence worthy of his victory, and the Virgins chant to his glory, Saul *hath killed his thousands and* David *his ten thousands*. *1. Sam. 18. 7.*

Mordecai also had his turne of Triumph, mounted upon the horse of *Ahasuerus*, and had his praises Heraldized by *Haman*, in these termes: *Thus shall it be done to the man, whom the King will honour* *Esther 6. 11.*

All these triumphs are worthy of admiration, I avouch it: but the *Triumph* over our selves, is worthy

astonishment, as having to combate our passions, and consequently the winning'st enemies of the world, I say, the *winning'st*, or the pleasing'st, since they guard themselves onely with such kind of weapons, whose hurtings make us often sigh rather for joy than grief.

Certainly, the *Victory of reason* over all the revolten faculties of our soules, merits alone the honour of a Triumph; and what advantage soever a man hath over his enemies, he himselfe is yet still vanquisht, if his vices be not subdued. *I pursue my designe.*

They which have enthronized *Vertue* in their breasts, have laid their foundations upon the ruines of their passions, to testifie to us, that a *Man* cannot be vertuous with their predominancy. And after essay of diverse meanes upon designe to vanquish them, I have found none more powerfull, than this, *The Meditation of Death*, but if any doubt this, the tryall on it will be profitable for him.

How

How is it possible that a *Man* should let himselfe be mastered with the passion of *Revenge*, if he but muze of that Vengeance, which his sins may draw downe every moment upon his head, as being every houre in estate to die? He shall hear rumble in his eares the thunder of Divine Justice, by the continuall murmur of his sighs, which advertize him of the approaches of *Death*. What courage can he have to avenge himselfe, being upon point himselfe to suffer the torment of eternall vengeance?

Thou that art *Vindicative*, wilt thou then quench the ardour of thy *choller*, feele thine own pulse, and consider that this pety slow feaver, wherewith thou art stormed, leads thee by little and little into the grave.

Who can be *Ambitious*, if musing of *Death*, since he must quit all with his life? Let us ponder a while the fate of those arrogant spirits, which have mused themselves to conquer the vain greatnesses

It is more honour for a man to avenge himselfe of his choler, than of his enemie.

neſſes of the Earth. What hath been in fine their ſhare at the end of the carriere? They have had nothing but unprofitable regrets to have ſo ill employed their time, finding themſelves ſo poor with all their treaſure, as if they had been born the wretched'ſt of the world. Thou *Ambitious-one*, wilt thou be cured of the diſeaſe of thy Paſſion, think each houre of the day, that that which thou now heareſt ſtrike, may be thy *Laſt*.

Mortall frailtie brings blemiſh to the faireſt viſages, and mightily takes from their opinion being well conſidered.

Who would ſigh for *prophane love*, after theſe objects of duſt, and aſhes, if he often conſidered, that he himſelfe is made of nothing elſe, and that this noyſome and corruptive matter ſeeks nothing more, than abyſſes of the grave, there to hide within its loathſomneſſe, in effect who would give his fleſh a prey to pleaſures, if he would conſider that the wormes do in expectation, make their feaſt thereof already. *The meditation of Death, ſerves for temperament to all ſorts of delights.* And if a *Man* be

capable

capable of love in this *maze*, it cannot be other than of his *Salvation*, since this object is eternall, but all others of the world perishable. Infortunate Lovers search the solace of your immodest passions in the *Anatomy* of the subject whereof you are Idolarers. Be assistant at that *dead view*. *Thinke of your own Death*. Behold you are cured.

He which considers of that wretchednesse which is adjunct to Death, easily misprizeth the riches of this life.

What wretched rich man would be so much in love with his treasures, if he would consider, that *Death* robs him from them every day, making him die continually, and that at the end of the term of his life, he carries along with him but the *good*, or the *evill* which he hath done, to be either *recompenc'd* or *punish'd*, but with a glory or a punishment, whereof *Eternitie* alone must terminate the continuance? *Covetous Misers*, the onely meanes for you to be *so* no more, is to celebrate your own funerals, by your *Meditations*, and often to consider the *Account*, not of your riches, but *that* which you must render

render one day of their fruition, since your *Salvation* depends thereon.

Who, in fine, would make a God of his Belly, seeking with passion all the delights, which may tickle the sense of *Taste*, if he represented to himself the *miseries* of the body, which he takes so much pains to nourish, and the rigour of those inviolable decrees, which destinate him a prey to the *worms*, and the remains of their leavings to *rottenesse*? This consideration would be capable to make him loose both appetite, and desire, at the same time, to nourish so delicately his carkasse, O *souls* all of *flesh*, repasting your selves with nothing *else*, there is no invention to make you change nature, but this, to *Hear* your selves dye by the noise of your *sighs*, to *See* your selves dye by the *wrinkles* which furrow every day upon your visages, and to *Feele* your selves dye by the beatings of your pulse, which *indexeth* this your *hectick* feaver,

feaver, wherewith you are *mortally* attainted. This is a *Probatum-remedy*, the experience thereof is not dangerous.

May not a man then maintain with much reaſon, that the thought of *Death* alone is capable to cure our ſouls of the diſeaſe of their *paſſions* in doſeing them both the means, and the *Vertue* to triumph over them. But if of this you deſire an example, call to minde that, which I have propoſed you in the beginning of the Chapter. How marvellous is it that a great *Monarch*, who is able to maintain all manner of pleaſure in his heart, with all the delights which acompany it; celebrates himſelfe his *Funeralls* in midſt of his carriere of life, beginning to raign at the end of his raign, ſince that laſt object is always preſent before his eyes. His Paſſions do aſſail him, but he vanquiſheth them, they give him combate, but he leads them in triumph, and buryes them altogether in the *Tomb*, which he prepares

If a man ſhould forget all things elſe but the miſeries of his condition, this laſt were enough to exerciſe the vaſteſt memory.

prepares himself. Consider a little the glory which is relucent in this action.

We read of the Kings of *Arabia*, that they triumphed upon Dromidaries, the Kings of *Persia* upon Elephants, of *Croatia* upon Bulls, the *Romans* upon horses, and yet 'tis remarkt of *Nero*, that he made himself be drawn in Triumph by four Hermaphrodite Mares. *Camillus* by four white Horses. *Mark Antony* by four Lions, *Aurelian* by four Harts, *Cæsar* by forty Elephants *Heliogabulus* by four Doggs.

Moreover, the Poets do assure us, that the triumphant Charriot of *Baccus* was drawn by Tygers, *Neptunes* by Fishes, of *Thetis* by Dolphins, *Diana's*, by Harts, of *Venus* by Doves, *Juno's* by *Peacocks*.

This Vanity *is a most contagious* malady, *and the onely* preservative, *is the remembrance of* Death.

All these objects of pomp, and magnificence, whereof histories, and Fables would enternize the vanity, have for all that done nothing but passe away, and though a little remembrance of

of them ſtay with us; 'tis but the memoriall of a *Chimera*, and of a fantaſme, ſince it preaches nothing elſe to us, but the ruin, and non-entity, of that which hath been otherwhile. O how glorious a Triumph is it, when we our ſelves are enchariotted over our paſſions now enſlaved and ſubjected under the Empire of *Reaſon*? There is nothing ſo *glorious*, there 'is nothing ſo *magnificent*: For theſe Dromidaries, theſe Elephants, theſe Bulls, theſe Horſes, theſe Hermaphrodite Mares, theſe Lyons, Stags, and Tygres afore-mentioned, are but brute beaſts, which draw along in traine after them others as as brutiſh as themſelves, as ſuffering themſelves to be tranſported with vanity, which onely reduceth them to this beaſtly-reſemblant vanity. *Let us turn our face unto another ſide.*

These things ruminated on, will make us wiſe.

SABELLICUS in his ENNEADS, actively perſwades us to believe, that the *Chriſtians* of *Ethiopia* do carry in their proceſſions,

Let the fire of Divine Love glow upon our ashes.

cessions, great vessels full of ashes, to emblematize apparently the frailty of our nature. But may not we say upon too much reason, that *we are earthen vessels* full of ashes; and what object more sensibly can be presented before our eyes, to shew us the truth of our miseries, then *this* of our selves? From *Earth* is our production, and the *same* serves us with nourishment, and for sepulture also, as if ashamed the Sun should afford his light to our wretchednesse.

The thought of our end is a soveraign remedy against our passions.

Make we then every day *Funerall processions*, or at least visit in meditation every hour our *Tomb*, as the place where our bodies must take so long abode, *Celebrate* we our selves our own *Funerals*, and invite to our exequies *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Pride*, *Choller*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, and all the other *Passions*, where with we may be attainted, to the end to be Conquerours, even by our own proper defeat: For when a *Man* yeelds to the *Meditation* of *Death*,

Death, then *reaſon* commands *ſenſe*; All obey to this apprehenſion of frailty, and feebleneſſe. Pleaſures by little and little abandon us, the ſweets of life ſeem ſowr, and we can find no other quiet, but in the hope of *that*, which Truth it ſelf hath promiſed us, after ſo much trouble.

Proud Spirits: be ye Spectators of this *Funeral Pomp*, which this great *Monarch* celebrates to day: He invites the Heaven and the Earth to his *Exequies*, ſince in their view he accompanies his pourtrayed *Skeleton* unto the *Tomb*: his *Body* conducts thither its *ſhadow*, the originall the *painted* figure in attendance, till a *Metamorphoſis* be made both of one and t'other. O *glorious action*! where the *Living* takes a pride to appear *Dead*, as dying already by his own choice, as well as neceſſity. O *glorious action!* where the Triumpher takes a glory in the appearance of his overthrow. O *glorious action*! where all the honour depends

depends upon the contempt of the worlds honour. O *glorious action*! where Garlands of *Cypresse* dispute the preheminence with *Laurell* and *Palme*. O *glorious action*! where the Conquerour under-going the Laws of Nature, elevates himself above it, making his puissance to be admired, in his voluntary weakneſſe. *But I engage my self too far in't.*

Herodotus remarks, that the Queen *Semiramis* made her *Sepulcher* be erected upon the entrances of the principall Gate of the **City*, to the end, that this *ſad* object of *wretchedneſſe* might ſerve for a *Schoole-maſter* to paſſengers, to teach them the *Art, to know themſelves*. O *bleſſed Leſſon* is that, which the *Tombs* can afoord us. O *gracious Science* is that, which they inſtruct us!

* *Babylon.*

No better Schoole *then the* Church-yard.

Strabo teſtifies, that the *Perſians* made Pipes of dead-mens bones, which they uſed at *Feſtivals*; to the end, that the *ſad harmony* which iſſued thence, might temper the exceſſe of *joy*.

But

But may not we say our *Lungs* to be to us such kind of *Whistles*, and that our *dolorous sighs*, which produce thence the *harmony*, are capable to moderate the violence of our *contentments*? A strange thing it is, that all the animated objects, which are affected by our *senses*, bear the *image* of *Death*, and yet we never think but of *Life*. Let our eyes but fairly turn their regards on all sides, *All that lives*, they may see *dies*; and what ha's no *life*, passes away before 'em. Our ears are tickled with the sweet harmony of Voices, or Instruments, or Tabors, or Trumpets: But these *sounds* are but Organs spirited with *blasts*, whose borrowed wind is lost, when the motion ceaseth; and there behold the *Faile* of their *life*. And for *Instruments*, 'tis true they warble delightfully, yet their *melody* is often *dolefull* to the *mind*, when it considers that it proceeds from certain guts of dead beasts, which Art hath so contrived. *Tabors* being of

The object of our nothingnesse ha's a grace and allurement capable to ravish the best spirits.

of the ſame nature, muſt alſo neceſſary produce the ſame effects and *Trumpets* alſo do but *ſob* in our ears, ſince their *clangor* is forced onely by the violence of a *blaſt* of *ſighs*: Our *Taſte* cannot ſatiate the hunger of its appetite, but with dead and breathleſſe things: and all our other ſenſes are ſubject to the ſame neceſſity. Inſomuch, that *Death* environs us on all ſides, though we be always her own, and yet we *never think on't*, but in *extremities*: as if we were onely to learn at the laſt inſtant, that we are *Mortall*, and the *hard experience* which we make on't, were the onely *Leſſon*, which by *Nature* is given us.

Death *is ever preſent, and at hand, to our* heart, *but ſtill abſent from our* memory.

LORD render me capable, if it pleaſe thee, of this *Science*, which may *effectually* teach me the Art, *to know my ſelf*; to the end, that this knowledge may repreſent to me alwayes the reality of my wretchedneſſe. Make me that I may ſee my ſelf, may underſtand and feel my ſelf *to die* every *moment*: but ſo, that I may *ſee* it with the

the *eyes* of my *heart*, *perceive* it with the *eyes* of my *ſoul*, and *feel* it, by the *ſenſe* of my *conſcience*, therein to find my repoſe and ſafety. I know well, that Nature mourns inceſſantly the *death* of its works, which are devoured every hour by *time*; and though no where thus can I ſee but *Sadneſſe* it ſelf, yet ne'retheleſſe remain I inſenſible of the horrour of theſe objects; and though they be terrible, my ſpirit not is afrighted. *Render* me therefore, if it pleaſe thee, *render me* fearfull, and make me even to tremble in thinking of *it*, ſince the thought of *it* is ſo important, ſuffer me not to *live a kind of Death*, without meditating of *that life* which is *exempt* from *Death*, and whereof *Eternity* is the Limit. All my votes do terminate at *this*, and all my *wiſhes*, which I addreſſe to thy bounty, that I may one day ſee the effects of my hopes. *Let us advance on our firſt propoſition.*

O how *celebrious*, and glorious is the *Triumph* over our *ſelves*! Let

us

A Man hath no greater enemy than himselfe,

us leave the Laurels, and Palmes to those famous Conquerours of Sea and Land. Their *Crownes* are now metamorphosed into *dust*, their renowne into wind, themselves into corruption, and for a surplusage of mishap after the *conquest* of the whole World, *they die* in the miseries, whereunto they were born.

Cyrus could not bound his ambition lesse, than to the vast extention of the Universe; and yet a * *simple woman* onely prescrib'd him an allay, and placed his *head* in the range of his owne *Trophies*, *Arthomides* plaies *Iupiter* upon Earth, his pourtraict is the onely Idoll of his subjects: and yet one turne of the wheele casts him a sacrifice upon the same altar, which he had erected to his glory his life glistering with triumphs, but his death in such a ruine, clouded even the memory of his name All those stately *Triumphers*, of whom *Antiquity* trumpets our wonders, have had no other recompence of their labours, but this

*Tomyris

There is nothing more vain, than Vaine-glory: tis a body without soule or life, having no subsistance, but in imagination.

this *vain* conceipt, *that one day men would talke of them.* But what felicity is it to be *praised* in *this* world, to which they are dead, and *tormented* in the other, wherin they live even yet, and ever. *I care very little, that men should talke of me after my Death, the esteem of men is of so small importance, that I would not buy it so deare, as with a wish onely.* It behooves to search reputation in the *puritie* of the *conscience*, if a man would have the glory of it *last* for *ever.* The renown of a good man is much greater, than that of *Cæsar* or *Alexander*; for this hath no other foundation, than the soyle where it was sowed, and where the goodliest things display themselves like flowers, and like flowers also have but a *morning-flourish*: But the other having for a firme stay *Eternitie*, this object ennobleth it to perfection, and thus desiring nothing else but heaven, it remaines to us at the end for recompence.

The renown of a good man onely lasts alwaies.

Blondus in his Treatise of *Rome*, in

in its triumphant glory, reckons up three hundred and twenty triumphs, all remarkable: but where are now these pompes, these magnificences, this infinite number of Trophies, and a thousand other ornaments, which ratled out their glory. Where are I say these conquerours? where are their slaves? their Idolaters, their admirers? These pomps have but flash't like lightning, and so passed away with the day, that accompanied their lustre. These mngnificences have been but seen; and so took their passage in flight. These trophies being onely bravadoes of the time, times inconstancy made them vanish in an instant, and all those other *ornaments* made but ostentation of their continuall vicissitude, as being an inseparable accident of their nature. These vanquishers onely had the name on't, since *Death* led them away also in triumph, for all their triumphings. Their *captives* were rather slaves of the miseries whereunto they were born, than so by the absolute

It is some comfort yet to a wise man though himselfe fade away, to see that all things else do so too.

power

power of him who *captived* them. Their idolaters have been immolated to the fury of years, which ſpare none; and their admirerers have incurred the ſame fate with the ſubject, which they admired: Inſomuch, that of all together, remains nothing but a faint remembrance, which as it waxeth old, is effac't by little and little out of memory, and ſcarcely will it ſubſiſt ſo much in the imagination, as to be in the end buried among fables. Behold here the *Anatomy* of the glory of the world, ſee the true portraict of its falſe Image. *Contemplate, meditate,* you will avouch with me, that *All is full of vanity.*

Since Eternity onely triumphs over Time, we ſhould only ſtrive to attain that.

O how ſtately and magnificent is the Triumph of Ages! what trophies may a man ſee at their ever-rowling Chariot! what Conquerours are not in the number of their ſubjection? what ſoveraign power can reſiſt their violence? what newer Triumph then this of years? Who can give

in account the number of their victories, and lesse the captives which *Death* serves in for their trophies? What newer triumph again evermore then of *months*, of *days*, of *hours*, & *moments*? For consider to your self, how many Kings, Princes, and Lords, die in one age in all the places of the world. All these vanquishers are vanquisht, and led in triumph to the grave. Every Year makes its conquest apart, gives battell, and carries away the victory over so many, and so many men, that hardly can one conceive so lamentable a truth; Months, Days, Hours, and Moments, triumph in their courses; who can number all those who died yesterday out-right, or are dead to day? Nay more, how many die at this *hour*, and at this *very instant*, that I entertain you with this discourse. And all these defeats of *mortality* mark out to us the Triumphs, whereof time onely bears away the glory: But let us not pretend to share in't, 'tis not wor-

A righteous man onely stands exempt from the terror of death.

thy

thy our Ambition. Let *Ages*, *Years*, *Moneths*, *Days*, *Hours*, and *Moments*, triumph over us: Vertue always limits their puissance, and with it we may prescribe a bound to all these Triumphants. Fair leave may they take to ruinate out-ward beauty, but *that* of innocence is of proof 'gainst all their strokes. Well may they impair outward graces; but those of heaven contemn their assaults. No doubt they may change the visage of all the *marvels* of *Art*, and miracles of Nature: Our Resolution is a rock in midst of all their storms, and may remain alwayes it self without undergoing other rules then its own. So that thus we may lead Time it self along in triumph, if we live for nothing more then for *Eternity*.

A good conscience is ever under shelter from all the inconstant tempests of Age.

I scorn the Tyranny of Ages, my aim is beyond 'em all. I despise the power of years, my Ambition raigns already out of their reach. Let Months, Days, Hours, and Moments, entrail all things a-

He which lives for eternity, dreads no death.

long with them; I for my part, franchiſe their carreere, ſince my ſcope is much more farther yet. Let them triumph fully, my very defeat ſhall lead them in triumph at the end of their term, for the eternity whither I aſpire, already aſſigns out their tomb. *Let us ſtay no longer in ſo exagged a way.*

The Emperour *Trajan* cauſed his Sepulcher to be enfram'd in the midſt of *Rome's* greateſt place, as upon a ſtately Theater, on which his ſucceſſors were to act their parts. Every man dies for himſelf; *ſooner or later we muſt arrive to the place, to which unceſſantly we walk.* Be it to morrow, or to day, at the end of the term all is equall. Nor old nor yong can mark the difference in their courſe, being arrived to the end of their carreere, for a hundred Ages when paſt, and one inſtant make but the ſame thing. 'Tis onely neceſſary to muze of our laſt giſt in the grave, ſince thither we run till we are out of breath, from moment to moment.

Serius aut citius metam properamus ad unam.

The

The *Trojans* would have the burying-places of their Princes to be in the moſt remarkable places of the City, to the end, that this ſad object might ſerve as a fixt *Memento* to remembrance them, that the Tragedy, which had been acted by theſe yeſterday, might again be repreſented by ſome other to day.

Places of buriall are ſad Theaters, where every day are acted none but Tragedies

The Philoſophers know that objects move the faculties, and that according to the quality of their impreſſions, they work upon the ſpirits, which contemplate them. Let us ſay now, that of all the direfull objects, which are preſented to our eyes, there is none more powerfull over our apprehenſions, then this of the *Meditation* of *Death*, and the horrour of the grave. The moſt couragious yeeld themſelves to theſe aſſaults, the moſt valiant reſiſt not their violences. All droop at approach of an enemy ſo redoubtable. But our defeat, if rightly carried, is more glorious then our Triumph. What

If the meditation of death make not a sinner change his life, nothing will do it.

'Tis best to let Death be welcome. to us, since 'tis inevitable

succeſſe is this, by being overcome, to bear away the crown of victory? ſuch ſubmiſſion is a mark of Soveraignty.

Petrus Gregorius tells us of the Emperour *Charls* the fifth, that he cauſed his winding head-kercher to be carried before him for a ſtandard in all his Armies, ſix years before he died, to the end, that the continuall object of his greatneſſe, might not be too powerfull to tempt him to miſconceive himſelf.

We do the ſame every day, without thinking on it, for our *ſhirts* are in a manner as ſo many *winding ſheets*, which we carry always with us in all places where we go: But if this ſad object be not enough to moderate our ambition, and rebate our vanity, this voluntary is inſeparable from pain, we muſt needs undergo the Law, which we impoſe upon our ſelves.

LORD ſuffer me not, if it pleaſe thee, ſo far to miſtake my ſelf, as never to come to the point of

of meditating of this bleſſed Decree, which thou haſt impoſed on me, to die one day. But illuminate my ſpirit with the light of thy grace, which may ſtead me as a *Pharos*, to ſhew me the haven of the *grave*, where the ſhip of my life muſt put aſhore. Make me alſo, if it pleaſe thee, to be ignorant of all things elſe, but the knowledge to live *well*, that I may alſo *dye ſo*; and thus, let the miſeries which accompany me, the miſhaps that follow me, and all the other afflictions which thy goodneſſe hath ſubjected me to, be the ordinary objects of my thoughts, to the end, that I ſtray not from the way of my ſalvation. And now have I no other paſſion, but to ſee the effects of theſe prayers. *Let us go to the end.*

Thoſe that have averred, that the world is to us an hoſtile Army, compoſed of ſo many Souldiers as there are objects in nature, capable to agitate the power of our paſſions, had very

good reasons to defend the truth of their *Thesis*. These objects of it make war against us continually, with all the assaults, inventions, and stratagems of a cruel enemy. *Beauty*, that assaults our souls, by the way of our eyes, with as much cunning as force; for at first view, it amuseth the *Sence* with admiration, by a slight of complacence, to which its sweets and allurements insensibly engage it. Afterwards the *Sensus Communis*, receiving the fair *Species* of the *Idea* of this fair enemy, presents them to the *Fancy*, the *Fancy* to the *Understanding*, which after it hath examined them according to its capacity, offers them to the *Will*, which by a natural apprehension finds it self obliged to love the subject from whence these amiables do proceed. And now then it is the *Cue* of Reason, either to condemn or authorize this love; but most often that becomes charmed it self, and we vanquish't. Not that Reason is not sufficiently

ly ſtrong and powerful, but whereas its force and vertue depends meerly upon grace, the contempt which ordinarily it makes of this, renders both alike unprofitable. This is that which obliges us in all theſe conflicts, to implore the help of heaven, rather then to truſt upon our ſtrengths, and evermore to have a jealous eye to this our ſubtile enemy, which yet can never get other advantage upon us, then that which our wretchleſneſs ſuffers it to acquire.

Our paſſions are the flatteringeſt enemies of the world, for they aſſault us with thoſe ſemblant ſatisfactions to us, as may ſeem moſt agreeable; and thus they are moſt to be feared.

The very faireſt objects of the world, may well inforce admiration, but not love, ſince love cannot be formed in our hearts, but by a powerful reflexion of the amiable qualities which are found in the ſubject, and in this it is neceſſary, that the underſtanding do operate, and the will conſent. And this cannot be done without a free deliberation, which we abſolutely authorize. Inſomuch, that we cannot be overcome, if we ruſh not into it

We cannot juſtly complain of our defeat, ſince it is voluntary.

with desire of our own overthrow. And this not so neither, as if there were no trouble in the resistance; but rather it is a way to acquire much more glory in the victory over beateous objects, by the power of reason, which is more troublesome and difficult, then that which one gets over an enemy by force of armes. But the honour also surpasseth always the difficulty, and what pain soever a man can possibly take, the prize and crown at last can admit of no comparison.

The rewards which God hath prepared after all our troubles, do infinitely surpass our deserts.

We must then bravely combate those proud *beauties*, which make publick profession to enchain our *hearts* in irons, and put our souls upon the rack, and let them see, to their confusion, that the natural Magick of their charmes is to us a new Art of Logick, which informes us to make Arguments, both to give for granted their power, and yet destroy their force. Fair leave have they to *expose to view* their blandishments, and graces: the light

light of *Reason* produceth a livelyer Day, whose luster duskes the midday-splendour; for by the aid of this light a man may see, that all their quaintnesses are but dawbings, their delicacies but artifice, and their attractives but onely composed by distillatories. And how can one Idolatrize them then, after meditational presentment of these verities? Behold the onely means to prescribe a rule over these Soveraigns, who would impose it on the whole world. Not that this kind of combate requires force of courage, but rather of prudence, after first a misprise of them to fly away, and not to put the victory into hazard.

He commands best, that can obey reason.

There are yet other enemies, which render themselves as redoutable as the former, such are *Ambition*, *riches*, &c. what means is there to resist them, or to speak better, to vanquish them? they have no less allurements, and sweets, then the *beauties* aforespoken of, and though the force of

of them be different, they ceaſe not nevertheleſs, to excite and move the paſſions with all ſort of violence.

Ambition ha's its particular delicacies, and charmes, to raviſh mens hearts, and ſoveraignize, over their ſouls; and I beleeve, that its Empire extends it ſelf far beyond that of *Love*: for all the world is not capable of this latter *paſſion*, but of the *other* every man has a ſmatch from that defect, from our original, wherewith a man is tainted. And this paſſion is ſo much the more to be feared, as it is natural, and growing up with us in meaſure as we grow our ſelves. The means to vanquiſh it, is to ſtudy to *know ones-ſelf*, and thus plainly to ſee the frailty of our foundation.

Vanity is bred and born with us, but it is in our choiſe, whether to let it ever keep us company.

What *Ambition* can a man have, that knowes the number of the greateſt part of the miſeries and miſhaps which accompany his life! To what can he pretend, being not able to diſpoſe of one onely moment? Nay, what

what can he wish for beyond himself, since for any long time together, he has not strength enough to look down to his own feet? What high aim can he give his designs, since all his thoughts, his desires, and hopes, have their limited scope beyond his power, as depending upon the *Future*, whereof he cannot dispose. All lyes then in this, to know our selves, that is, to consider the certainties thus sensible, both of our defects & infirmities.

It is the best Mystery of all humane Trade, to learn to die daily, and in this Vocation they that are active apprentises, are Masters.

The Passion for Riches is alwayes extreme, allowing no moderations in our hearts. It is a kind of hydropick malady, wherein thirst increaseth the more one drinks. A rich man of ten thousand pounds a year, wisheth thirty thousand, and if perhaps he see the effects of his desires, he soon conceives *new ones*, being never able to find content in the enjoiment of the goods which he already possesseth.

That temperament of spirit, which Philosophy teacheth us to live

The true knowledg of Vertue, would soon insinuate its love.

live *content* in, whatsomever condition a man is in, is a vertue so chast, that it suffers it self to be possest by no body in this age, wherein we are; not that a man cannot enjoy it, but it is to be sought in the purity of the conscience, rather then in the world, where it is unknown but onely barely in name.

This greedy passion of heaping treasure upon treasure, is so proper to our criminal and corrupt nature, that a man cannot guard himself from it, without a special help from *Heaven*. Since that robbery, which our *first Parents* made in the terrestrial Paradise, all our thoughts and hopes are so thievish, that they would rob the future of those goods, which we wish for then, making no esteem of those which wee already possess; our hearts sigh unceasiantly with impatience, in attendance of a new acquist. What remedy now is there to cure so contagious a malady, whose insensible dolour makes us often con-

contemn a remedy? what means I say, to triumph over a passion so strong and puissant, and to which our nature it self lends a hand? It is certainly an action of study, where reason with time must get the advantage. It is necessary to consider every time that this desire to amass riches, doth press and force us; what shall we do with all these *treasures*, after we have heapt them up? To leave them to our *heirs*, it is to make them rich with our own loss, which they too perhaps will laugh at, in the possession. It is, I say, to damn our selves for others profit, as if we had never lived for our selves. To carry them into the grave with us, is to have laboured for formes; what shall then become on them? We must of necessity leave 'embehind. O cruel necessi: y! but yet most sweet and pleasing in its continual meditation, since it teaches us to under-value all that may be lost.

Poverty of spirit is the greatest riches.

It is the best providence in this world, to lay up treasures for the other.

There are a great number of other Passions, which may master us

us with the same violence, according to the disposition of the predominating humour which possesseth us; such are *Choler*, *Envy*, *Detraction*, *&c.* but with the only force of Reason, assisted with the usual grace, which concurs in all good actions, we may easily be able to triumph over them.

We read of *Pyrander* King of *Egypt*, that being one day in choler against one of his slaves, he heard a clap of thunder so terrible, that he became suddenly quite appeased; as if he had had this thought, that the gods were angry with his fury, since they clamoured louder then he. Let us have often the same thoughts, but with more truth and illumination, every time that this blind passion would exercise over us its tyranny. My meaning is, that in the violentest heat of our choler, we lend an ear of imagination to the noise of the thunder of divine Justice, that thus we may be appeased at the same time,

time, *for what ground have we to be armed with fury, against our neighbours, when heaven is animated with just vengeance against our selves?*

It is a good method, first to fear God, then to love him.

The Passion of *Envy* as black as hell, and the most criminal of all together proceeds from an invenomed mischievousness, to which nature contributes nothing at all. It is a devillish passion, whose fury and rage keeps the soul in fetters, and whose thievish jealousy robs away the goods of others in a hounding after them, and yet possesses none of them. What means is there then to vanquish this untameable vice? No other but this, to consider the Justice of that *adorable Providence* which imparts never its favours and graces, but with weight and measure. *God cannot do but justly, since his Justice is no other then himself.* Then if this man have 10000 pounds a year, and I but a 100, whereof can I complain? shall I doubt the reason from Reason it self? shall I accuse Justice

Envious men are most their own enemies, and rob themselves of their own quiet.

Juſtice of injuſtice? To take for granted that the Soveraign of all does what he will, and the Almighty what he pleaſeth, I will alwayes relye to that ballance which God bears in his hand, and by which himſelf weigheth his actions to the poize of his will, and conſequently to the meaſure of his Juſtice. What objection can be made againſt this truth?

The envious man is never is health, tortured with the Hectick Feaver of this ever-burning paſſion.

Envious *Maligner*, *adore that*, which thou canſt not *comprehend*, and then inſtead of pining for the good, which thou enjoieſt not; give thanks to Heaven for thoſe which thou poſſeſſeſt, and how ſmall ſoever they be, they are ever great enough to amuze thee all thy life-long to the ſtudy of thankful acknowledgment.

The Paſſion of *Detraction* is eaſily overcome by a freſh conſideration of our own proper defects, *for of all the* Vices *whereof we accuſe one another, our hearts may convince us.* If I call a man thief, am not I a greater thief then he, ſince againſt the Lawes of charity

charity, I rob him of his honour by this injury? Suppose he be a false villain, yet in calling him by this name, I betray the secret, which his fault should in charity impose upon me. But if he be nothing so; loe I my self am now a Traytor both at once of his reputation, and mine own conscience. There is no fault more unpardonable, then this of *Obloquie*, and in regard that for a just expiation of the crime, it is fitting that the tongue which did the hurt, should give the remedy.

It is more important to learn to hold ones peace, then to hold up the talk.

Thou *Detractour*, if thou canst not moderate thy passion, speak ill onely of thy self, *Study* thine own vices, *Meditate* thine own faults, and *Accuse* thy self of them before Heaven, which is already witness of thy crimes; and by this way of reproching, thou shalt obtain one day to be praised eternally. *Behold me now at the end of the Chapter.*

After all these particular remedies with which a man may learn easily

He that often muzes of Death, will every day learn to live well.

easily to resist the tyranny of the Passions, there is none more soveraign then this of the *Meditation* of *Death*. All the rest abbut at this onely, as the most authorized, by daily experience.

Great Kings, suffer your selves to be led in triumph by your own thoughts to the grave, and by the way consider how your greatnesses, your riches, your delights, and all the magnificence of your Court, follow you step by step, being brought along by the same fate, whose absolute Tyranny spares none. And since you may *dye every hour*, think at the least sometimes of this *truth*, to the end that *that hour* of your lifes dyall *surprize* you not. Much good do it you to nourish up your selves deliciously, yet all these *Viands* wherewith you repast your selves *are empoisoned*, as containing in them the * *four contrary qualities*, whose discord puts into skirmish your humours, and *this battel* is an infallible presage of your overthrow:

* Caliditas, Frigiditas, Humiditas, Siccitas.

throw: well may you chase away *Melancholy*, by vertue of fresh *pleasures*, these *very contentments cheat away your life*, for though you think of nothing but how to pass away the *time*, it *passes* ere you think on it, and *Death* comes before you have forseen his arrival. Well may you cocker up your bodies, content your senses, and satiate the appetite of your desires: the Taper of your life has its limited course, as well as that of the day. Every man pursues his carreere, according to the inviolable Lawes of Heaven, which hath assigned them out at once, both the way, and the bounds. Suffer *Time* to lead you by the hand to the *Tomb*, for fear he hale you thither. But in dying muze at least of that *Life*, which never shall have end. All the felicities which you have possest, are vanished with the flower of your age, and all those which you will yet enjoy, will flye away with the rest. What will remain with you then, at the

Pleasures make us grow old as well as griefs.

Fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt.

Those pleasures cost very dear, which are worth nothing but repentance.

the last instant of your life, but an irksome remembrance, to have tasted a thousand pleasures, which are past, and to have lost so many means of having had others which would have lasted eternally. *Disinvest* your selves then, for one hour every day, of all your greatness, and in the presence of your own selves, meaning in review of all your miseries, and mishaps, which are proper to you, *confess the truth of your nullity*, and of your *corruption*; by this search you shall recover your selves, and *by this confession thus shall you Triumph over your selves.*

A PRO-

A PROLUSION

Upon the EMBLEM *of the last Chapter.*

Viewing the Ranges of a Librarie
Of Dead men's bones pil'd in a
Cœmitarie,
Great Alexander *finds* Diogenes,
And thus they Dialogue:
Alex. Cynick, *among these*
Ruines of frail Mortality, *what do'st*
look?
Diog. *For that wherein I fear to be mis-*
took,
I seek thy Father Philip's *Scull among*
This pell-mell undistinguishable Throng.
Alex. *Let's see, which is it? shew me.*
(Diog.) *Sure 'tis* that,
Whose nose is bridge-faln.
Alex. *Dead men's all are flat.*
Diog. *Why then 'tis that where shrowds per-*
petual night,
Cav'd in those hollow eye-holes,
void of sight.
Alex. *Still all are so,*
Diog. *Why 'tis yon' skinless brow,*
Chap-faln, lip sunk, with teeth-dis-
ranked row,

Yond'

Yond' peeled ſcalp
Alex. *Thus ſtill are all alike.*
Diog. *So ſhall both* You *and* I. *and let this ſtrike.*
Thy knowledge Alexander, *and* Thy *ſence,*
'Twixt King *and ſlave once Dead's no difference.*

L'envoy.

Mors ſceptra ligonibus æquat. *Her.*

THere is no diff'rence, *Death* hath made
Equall the *Scepter*, and the *Spade.*
No dreader *Majeſty* is now
I'th' Royal *Scalp*, then *Ruſtick* brow.
Fair *NEREUS* has no beateous grace,
More then *Therſites'* ugly face,
Now *both* are dead, odds there is none
Betwixt the *fair'ſt*, and *fowleſt One.*
Tell me amongſt the hudled pile
Of *Dead mens bones*, which was ere while
The ſubtil'ſt *Lawyer's*, or the Dull
And *Ignoramian* Empty Skull?
Was yond' ſome valourous *Samſons* arm?
Or *one* that ne'er drew *ſword* for harm.
Or wink and tell me, which is which,
Irus the poor, or *Cræſus* rich?
What are they now, who ſo much ſtood
On *Riches*, *Honours*, and high *Blood?*
Ther's now no Diff'rence, with the *Dead*
Diſtinctions all are buried,
Onely the Soul as *Ill*, or *Well*,
Is *Differenc't* or in *Heaven*, or *Hell.*

THE

Alexander, *and* Diogenes *discoursing among the* Sepulchers *of the* Dead, *the* Cynick *tells the* King, *That in the* Graue, Monarchs *and* Meaner Men *are all alike.*

THE MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. IV.

WHat a horrid ſpectacle is this? what a frightful object? See you not this great number of *Dead Mens ſculls*, which heaped one upon another, make a mountain of horrour, and affright, whoſe baleful, and contagious umbrage, inſenſibly invites our bodies on to the grave. What a *victory* is this over theſe? but what an inhumanity? what a deſeat? but what a butchery? May we not ſay, that fury and rage, have aſſaſſinated, even Natures-ſelf, and that we now alone remain in the world, to celebrate its funerals by

Death is a severe Iudge, and pardons none.

our lamentations, and regrets. *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Children*, *Nobles*, and *Plebeians*, *Kings*, and their *subjects* are all pell-mell in this stacke of rotten wood, which Time like a covert, but burning fire consumes by little and little, not able to suffer, that *ashes* should be exalted above *dust*.

Proud Spirits, behold here the dreadful reverse of the medall. All these sad objects of mortality, and yet actively animated, with horrour and affright, by their own silence enjoin the *fame* to you thus to amuze your Spirits in the contemplation of their deplorable ruines. If you be *rich*, See here those, who have *possessed* the greatest treasures of the world, are *not now worth* the marrow of their own bones, whereof the worms have already shared the spoil. If you be *happy*; The greatest favourities of fortune, are reduced to the same *noisomness* as you see the filth that enrounds them. If you be *valiant*, *Hector*, and *Achilles*, are thus

thus here overcome, behold the shamefull marks of their overthrow. If you be men of *Science*, *Here lyes the most learned of the world.* 'Tis the *Epitaph* on their tomb, *Readit.*

Death may be contemned, but not avoided.

I grant more-over, you may be the *greatest Princes* of the earth. An infinite number of your companions are buried under these corrupted ruins. Suppose in fine, that your Soveraignty did extend it self over all the Empire of the world; A thousand and a thousand too of your *semblables*, have now nothing more their own, then that *corruption*, which devours, even to the very bones.

Ambitious Heart, see here a *Mirrour which flatters not*, since it represents to the life the realty of thy *miseries.* Well maist thou perhaps pretend the conquest of the Universe; even those, who have born away that universall Crown, are now *crowned*, but with *dust*, and *ashes.*

Covetous wretch, behold the

book of thy accounts, calculate all that is due to thee, after payment of thy debts: learn yet after all this, that thy *soul* is already *morgaged* to devils, thy *body* to worms, and thus, notwithstanding all thy treasures, there will not abide with thee one hair upon thy head, one tooth in thy chops, nor one *drop* of blood in thy veynes, nor ne're so little *marrow* in thy bones, nay the very memory of thy *being*, would be *extinguish't* if thy crimes did not render it *eternall*, both here, and in the torments of hell.

'Tis no wonder the Miser ne're thinks of Death, his thoughts are onely taken up for this Life.

Proud arrogant man, measure with thy bristled brows, the dilatation of the earth, *Brave* with thy menacing regards the heavens, and the stars. These *molehills* of rottennesse, whereof thy *carkasse* is shap't, prepare toward the tomb of thy vanity. These are the shades of *Death* inseparable from thy *body*, *since it dies every hour*. If thou elevate thy self to day, even to the clouds; to morrow thou shalt be debased to

Pride is but like the meane flourish of a flower, which at Sunset perisheth.

Seneca Epist. Quotidie morimur, quotidie enim demitur aliqua pars vitæ.

to nothing. But if thou doubt of this truth, behold here a thousand witnesses which have made experience of it.

Luxurious Wanton, give thy body a prey to voluptuousnesse; deny nothing to thy pleasures, but yet consider the horrour, and dreadfulnesse of that *Metamorphosis*, when thy *flesh* shall be turned to *filth*, and even *that* to worms, and those still to *fresh ones*, which shall devour even thy *coffin*, and so efface the very *last* marks of thy *Sepulture*.

How remarkable is the answer of Diogenes *to* Alexander? What art thou musing on, *Cynicke*, says this *Monarch* to him one day, having found him in a *Charnel-yard*, I amuze my self here (answers he) in search of thy father *Philips* bones among this great number, which thou see'st; but my labour is in vain, for *one differs not from another*.

Great Kings, the discusse of this answer, may serve you now as a fresh instruction, to insinuate

to you the knowledge of your ſelves. You walk in triumph to the Tomb, followed with all the train of your ordinary magnificences: but by being arrived at this Port, blown thither with the continuall gale of your ſighs, your *pomp vaniſheth* away, your *Royall Majeſty* abandons you, your greatneſſe gives you the *laſt Adieu*, and this your mortall fall *equalls you now*, to all that were below you. The dunghill of your body, hath no preeminence above others, unleſſe it be in a *worſe degree of rottenneſſe*, of being of a *matter more diſpoſed to corruption*: But if you doubt of this truth, behold and contemplate the deplorable eſtate, to which are reduced your ſemblables. Their *bald ſcalps* have now no other *Crown*, then the *circle of horrour*, which environs them; their *diſincarnated hands* hold now no other *Scepter* but a *pile* of *worms*, and all theſe wretchednesſes together, give them to ſee a *ſtrange change*, from what they were in all

Corruptio optimi peſſima

all the *glories* of their *Court*. These palpable and sensible objects, are witnesses not to be *excepted against*. Let then your souls *submit* to the experiment of your senses.

The serious meditation of his miserable condition, is capable to make any man wise.

But what a *Prodigy* of wonders here! do I not see, the great Army of *Xerxes*, reduced and metamorphosed into a handfull of *dust*? *All that world* of men in those days, which with its umbragious body, covered a great part of the earth, shades not so much as a *foot on't* with its presence. *Be never weary* of *thinking of these important truths.*

Seneca in the Tragedy of *Hercules* brings in *Alcmena*, with grievous lamentation, bearing in an *urn*, the *ashes* of that great *Monster-Tamer*; And to this effect makes her speak; *Behold, how easily I carry him in my hand, who bore the Heavens upon his shoulders.* The sense of these words, ought to engage our spirits to a deep meditation upon the vanity of things, which seem to us most

In Hercule Oetæo. Ecce, vix totam *Hercules* Complevit urnam, quam leve est pondus mihi, Cui totus æther pondus incubuit leve?

durable. All those great Monarchs who sought an *immortality* in their victories and triumphs, have mist that, and found *Death* at last, the enjoyment of their Crownes and splendours, being buried in the same *Tomb* with their bodies. *See here then a new subject of astonishment.*

The world is a Game at Chesse, where every of the Set has his particular Name and Place designed: but the Game done, all the pieces are pellmell'd into the Bagg: and even so are all mortals into the grave.

The Mathematicians give this Axiome, All lines drawn from the Center to the Circumference are equall, *Kings* and *Princes*, abate your haughtinesse, your *subjects* march fellow-like with you to the *Center* of the *grave*. If life gave you preheminence; *Death* gives them now *equality*. There is now no place of affectation, or range to be disputed: the heap of your ashes, and their dust, make together but one *hillock* of mould whose infection is a horrour to me. *I am now of humour not to flatter you a whit.*

We read of the *Ethiopians*, that they buried their Kings in a kind of Lestall: and I conceive thereof no other reason, then according

ing to the nature of the ſubject, they joyned by this action, the ſhadow and the ſubſtance, the effect with the cauſe, the ſtream with its ſource; for what other thing are we then a maſſe of mire, dried and bak'd by the fire of life; but ſcattered again and diſſolv'd by the Winter of *Death*; and in that laſt putrefaction, to which *Death* reduceth us, the filth of our bodies falls to the dirt of the earth, as to its center, for ſo being conceived in corruption, let us not think ſtrange to be buried in rottenneſſe.

Earth, duſt, and aſhes, remain ſtill the ſame, be it in a *veſſell* of *gold*, or in a coffin of *wood*, or in a *Mauſolean Tomb* of marble. *Great Kings*, well may you cover your wretchedneſſe, with a magnificent Sepulcher, they will for all this *not alter condition*, the noyſomenеſſe of your bones is never without the abhorment, and putrefaction proper to them. And if (ſuppoſe) their maſſe be reduced into duſt, and the wind

'Tis well men hide themſelves after death in the Earth, or the encloſure of Tombs, their filth and noyſomneſſe would elſe be too diſcovert.

carry it away, the very wings of the wind are laden with rottenneſſe, and can ſcatter nothing elſe in a thouſand places, where ere they fall. *I will a little ſtraggle out of the way without looſing my aim.*

Fabius Paulus reports, that upon the Tomb of *Iſocrates*, there was a *Syren* ſeated upon a *Ram*, and holding a *Harp* in her hand. And this gave to underſtand, This *famous Orator* charmed mens ſouls through their ears, by the ſound of his admirable *eloquence*. But whereas no melodious *air* was heard from the *mute* Harp of this *Syren*, it was required of the *Spectators*, to take for granted in imagination, the harmony of her ſweet touches, as *embleme* of the ſweetneſſe of this great *Orators voice*: But *Death impoſeth ſilence on both*, and thus remained they a ſad ſight, both in object, and myſteries contained under; ſince now of theſe paſſages remains no more but a weak remembrance, and whereof Time

How unſufferable is the vanity of men, who even upon their Tombs, will have the diſplay of their vain-glory.

Time by little and little, effaceth even the *Ideas*.

Johannes Baptista Fontanus relates that upon the Sepulcher of *Q. Martius* there was graven a *Ram* supported upon the two fore-feet, & a *Hare dead* by its side. The Ram represented the generosity of this great *Captain* in all combats, and the *dead Hare*, his *vanquisht* enemies: But what honour now remains him after their defeat? This vanquisher of an infinite number of miserable wretches, is at the last overcome with his own miseries. Though Triumphant in a thousand combats, *one marble stone now contains all his trophies*, and glory. O deplorable fate! to have but seven foot-earth, after conquest of the greatest part of the earth.

Plutarch assures us, that upon the Tomb of *Alexander*, there was represented in Emblem *Asia*, and *Europe*, appearing vanquisht, and in the chains of their captivity, with this *mot*, which served as a fresh *Trophy*, *The victory of Alexan-*

Alexander. O poor victory! O sorry triumph! for where are now its Laurels, and Palms? *This great Monarch* conquered the whole world, but being never able to conquer his *ambition*, *This* in the end, hath taken away all the glory, which it made him acquire. *Great Princes*, advance then on to the conquest of the *Universe*, but I advertise you one thing, All those that are returned from the same action, have much repented themselvs, to have taken so great pains for so small a matter. * *The Game's not worth the Candle*, as the *Proverb*. But if you love to Conquer, and triumph; your passions will furnish you with such subjects every hour. *Let's once see the end of our carriere.*

The misprise of the world is more glorious then all its honour

* Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle

We read of *Cyrus*, that he caused to be engraven these words upon the stone of his Monument, *HERE LYES THE CONQUEROUR OF THE PERSIANS*: But what excesse of mishap could have

have reduced so great a Monarch to such an excesse of wretchednesse, must it be said? *Here Lyes*, of one that lately *stood* so triumphant? Would he have men admire his past glory in view of that vault, where he was enterred? would he have men adore the magnificences of his Life upon the same *Altar*, where *Death* exhibits him as a *victim*? Is not this a vanity more worthy of compassion, than envy?

The *History* of the life of *Themistocles* was to be read upon the marble of his Sepulcher, but 'twas forgotten, there to depaint also the story of his *Death*. *Behold the high deeds of Themistocles*, this was the inscription. But to us it may be of importance to consider, that although the wonders, which he had done, were onely graven upon the port of his Monument, yet for all that, they also made their entry into it, and followed the fate of their authour: so that now rests nothing of *Themistocles*, but *Name*, for

'Tis but a poor satisfaction to have for recompence of so much paines, but the ostentation of a glorious Sepulcher.

for of all that he hath done, the wind hath carried away the glory, and the ſmall remembrance on't, which ſticks by us, is but a pourtraict of *vanity*.

There was repreſented upon the Tomb of *Joſhua*, the *Sun* with this inſcription. *Sun ſtand thou ſtill upon Gibeon.* True it is, the Sun ſtood ſtill in the mid'ſt of his carreere, to give full Triumph to this great Captain over his enemies: But after *they* were overthrown, this *Planet* jealous of his glory conducts him alſo to his grave, as not enduring to ſee any thing upon earth, as durable as it ſelf. So true it is, that *all things here flit away, with the ſwiftneſs of a Torrent*; though their flight to us ſeem much more ſlow.

Joſh. 10. 12.

There is no courſe ſwifter, then that of Life to Death.

The *Epitaph*, which ſome * writings report us of *Adam*, has not ſo much ſplendour and magnificence, as the others. *He is Dead*, ſayes his Epitaph, ſpeaking onely of him. O excellent Epitaph! Men ſhall ſay no

Sit fides penes Autho. rem.

no more of you one day, *Great Kings.* Well may you with *Q. Martius* come off victorious from all combats, and enter in triumph into Cities with *Alexander.* Well may you cause to be insculp't the History of your *Acts*, upon the marble of your Sepulchers, like as *Themistocles*; & well may you *Subpœna* the *Sun* for a witness of the reality of your triumphs, like *Joshuah:* Yet for all this, men shall say no more of you, then was said of *ADAM*, *HE IS DEAD. They are dead*, and there is all.

The Epitaph of *David* composed by some, from consequence of Scripture, is worthy remark: *Here lyes the invincible Monarch, who in his child-hood overcame Bears, in his adolescency Lions, in his youth Gyants, and in his age himself. Travellour envy not his repose, for thou art in the way to it thy self.* These words are express in a neer regard to the sense of those, which are couched in *Scripture* upon this subject, and I thereto

thereto can add no more then this discourse of my astonishment, and rapture.

What! so great a Prince as *David*, favoured by heaven, and redoubted upon earth, and so endowed by Nature, shall he glympse out a little but like a flash of lightning, and pass away like a puffe of wind? where then shall a man find constancy and assurance? What can be the site and foundation of all these our new wonders of the world, whose beauty seems to contest for luster with the very Sun? *O LORD, to me it is a most agreeable consolation, to see in my race to the tomb, how all things follow me.* I am well apayd, that there is nothing here below *durable*, but *thy Word* alone, since this makes me hope for an *Eternity*, which shall never be subject to the inconstancy of times. Let all things *LORD* change with me, and thus I love this change for in rowling along, from time to time toward the grave, *I still approach*

Inconstancy is the onely foundation of created things.

approach towards thee, and consequently to my soveraign repose, and last felicity. *Let us follow our first traces.*

The first Epitaph which was was put upon Tombes, was that of the fair *Rachel*, as is partly remark't from Scripture, and *Borchardus* assures us it was a *Pyramide*, which *Jacob* erected, sustained upon a dozen precious stones, with this inscription, Gen. 35. 20.

HERE LYES BEAUTY AND LOVE.

Ladies, let your sweetness and blandishments now change language, and let them tell us no more that you are fair, since *Beauty* is buried in the Tomb of the fair *Rachel*: But if you make *bravado* of your crisped hairs, whose glistering charms dazle the eyes, and captivate mens souls at once: Her bright locks dispersed into a thousand golden wreaths, had the power to enchain mens hearts, and yet her vertue

vertue was to despise this power. But for all this, notwithstanding Nature was never able to exempt from rottenness this *Mistris*, or *Master-piece* of the works of her hands. Suppose that Majesty it self, has no better *Mirrour* then from the cleer reflections of your ivory fore-heads: *Rachels* was so perfect, that it is in vain to seek terms to express its accurateness, and yet now it is nothing but ashes, if so much.

Ladies, if you be fair to day, there is a to-morrow when you shall not.

Let your Eyes (suppose) be more cleer and beatifel then the Sun, able to make a rape upon mens liberties, and enamourate the sternest hearts; those of *Rachel* were so admirable and bewitching, that she her self redoubted their force and power. Looking her self in a Mirrour, her own eyes enflamed her, and of this pleasing heat, she apprehended the influence, being her self even tempted to desire it: But for all this, those two sparkling wonders, quickned with Natures sweetest, and most amiable

All the tenures of bodily perfections are held of time, whose inconstancy steals away with them every moment.

miable graces, are now nothing but rottennesse and corruption.

Be your Cheeks half Lilyes, half Roses, your lips Carnation-Gilly-flowers, your teeth Orient Pearl, your bosome purest Alabaster, and all these lovely parts enlivened with a spirit divine: fair *Rachel* possest all these perfections soveraignly, and more then ever you saw, or wisht, as elevated above your knowledg. But (*O mishap*) she herself, in whom all these rare beauties were united, and assembled, is now no more ought at all; or if she be somewhat, it can be but a little dust, and earth, and ashes, which the worms keep possession of in depositе. *O fearful metamorphosis.*

Every thing fades sooner in us, then vanity and sin.

Ladies, will you yet presume your selves fair, after you have thus now assisted in imagination and thought, to the funerals of *Beauty* it self after you have read, I say, the Epitaph, which Truth it self hath written upon

upon her Sepulture. I grant you have a thousand sweets, and graces: yet now at least confess ye, that these blandishments are but of so thin aerial worths, that the wind carries them away, as if they were composed of nought else; for scarcely have they birth, but you see them decay, and then the mispriſe, that each one makes of them, renders them more capable to produce pitty then love.

It is remarked in the life of the happy *Francis Borgia*, of the Society of the Jesuites, that being engaged in the world to seek a fortune, although the greatness of his birth, and merits, were of very great consideration; the Emperour *Charles* the fifth committed to his charge the dead body of his dear Spouse, to be conducted and carried to the Sepulcher of her ancestours, which he undertook, holding for an excess of honour the commandement which he

he had received, and the particular choise which his Majesty had made of his person. But then, when being arrived to the place, where were to be performed the last Exequies of this Princess, they were desirous to visit the corps, according to the ordinary formalities accustomed to be practised in an action so important. Never was seen so much horrour, and dismay, as upon overture of the Coffin, on the countenances of the Spectators. They look for the body of this Princess in his presence, and it is not to be found, for none can know it; her visage heretofore full of blandishments, and all the graces, both of Majesty, and sweetnesse is now but a heap of filth, whereof the worms in swarms, and still encreasing, *keep the Court* of guard upon the putrefaction. And the rest of her body is still a fresh stock for these vermine, who have now already rea-

There is no object more affrightful then mortal misery, but the daily habit of our sad experiences, takes away the horrour. But O the worm of conscience is to weak soules much more dreadful, then those which devour the body.

reasonably. well satisfied their hunger with this prey.

Even those that enwrapped this Princess in her winding linnen, dare not maintain 'twas she, and he to whose care the body was deposited, knowes not what to say, finding himself so confounded, and astonished with so suddain and affrightful a Metamorphosis, that he streight resolved at that instant, to quit the world, and devest himself of all his greatnesses, since they are not able to exempt the body from corruption.

All beauties but of vertue are still changing.

Ladies, suffer your selves to be no more surprised by vanity, you see to what extremity of horrour and misery, are reduceable your allurements and charmes. The *greatest Princess* of the world, and one of the faireſt as hath been, being now fallen from her Imperial Throne into the grave, not one of her attendants can retain any knowledge of her in so short a space.

space. The worms having effaced the lineaments of her resemblance, have inveloped it so deep into corruption, that no where is it to be found else being but Rottenness. *Reader, render up thy self to the hits of a Truth so sensible.*

It is reported of *Semiramis*, that she caused to be put upon her Tomb this Inscription. *The King that shall have need of money, shall find within this Sepulcher as much as he would have on it.* And sometime after, King *Darius* transported with a violent passion of Avarice, caused this Sepulcher to be opened; but found within no other riches, then of so much gold as was necessarily employed, in the engraving of these words. *Covetous wretch, which comest to disturbe the repose of the dead, satiate thy greedy passion upon the treasure of my miseries, since this object is powerful enough to make thee undervalue all the riches of the world.*

It is an insolence to the priviledges of nature, to trouble the repose of the Dead.

You

You that are Covetous, Enter often, *at leaſt in Meditation*, into *Tombes*; viſit to ſuch effect the *Church-yards*, and you ſhall find *therein* more riches then you wiſh for, conſidering the horrour of that rotten earth, wherein your ſemblables are enterred, you will reaſon without doubt thus;

To what purpoſe at laſt will ſtead me all the treaſures, which I amaſs up in my coffers, if the very richeſt of the world be but earth, and aſhes before my eyes? What ſhall I do at the hour of my death, with all the goods which I now poſſeſſe, if even my body be a prey deſtinated to worms and rottenneſſe?

All our hopes depend from grace, nothing from our ſelves

LORD, I aime at nothing of this world, but that *glory* alone, which a man may acquire by the contempt of it, but as it is a glory, whereof the acquiſition depends of thy grace, more then my force; give me the *Courage*, if it peaſe thee, to ſurmount all the temptations, which ſhall oppoſe themſelves againſt my deſign of Victory

ctory, to the end, that my vows may be heard, and my pains recompenſed. *I return to my ſelf.*

When I conſider, that all the world together, is but as it were a *Cæmitary* or *Church-yard*, wherein every hour of the day, ſome wretchedneſſe, or other, brings to the grave thoſe whom ſuch their miſerable condition hath deſtroyed, I have no more paſſionate deſire of life, ſince evils and troubles are proprietaries of it rather then we. *Who can keep account of the number of perſons, that expire at this very moment, that I am now ſpeaking to you*, or the different deaths, which terminate the courſe of their carreere? All is univerſally dreadfull, and yet we quake not, either in horrour, or aſtoniſhment.

He which meditates of anothers mans death, puts himſelf in mind of his own, ſince we are all ſlaves to to the ſame fate

A Walke into *Church-yards*, & *Charnels*, though it be ſad and melancholly, by reaſon of the dolefull *objects* there obvious, hath yet nevertheleſſe ſomething in it agreeable to content *good*

In many of the Church-yards of France, *are thousands of dead mens skuls and bones, piled up, as at* S. Innocents *at* Paris, S. Croix *at* Orleans, *&c. Meditation upon the vanities of life is a piece of serious felicitie before death.*

souls, in the contemplation of those very objects, which they there finde. How often have I taken pleasure to *consider* a great number of Deadmens sculls arranged one in pile upon another with this conceit of the *vanity*, and *arrogance*, wherewith otherwhile they have been filled? *Some* havehad no other *care* but of their *Hair*, employing the greatest part of their time, either to frizle or to *emponder them*; and represent unto your selves by the way, what *recompence* now betides them for all their *pains*. *Others* all full of *ambition*, had no other aims but at Coronall wreaths, consider a little in this their misery, the injustice of their pretentions.

I ha' remark't in sequell how a little *worm* did gnaw the *arm* of some *late Samson*, reducing thus all his force to an object of compassion, and wretchednesse, since *that arm* heretofore so strong, and dreadfull, had not now force enough to *resist* a little worm. *Reader muze often of these truths, and*

and thou ſhalt finde therein more joy then ſadneſſe.

Typotius reports of *Iohn Duke of Cleveland*, that to teſtifie the frailty of our nature and the miſeries of our condition, he had taken the Emblem of a Lilly, with this device.

Hodie hoc, cras nihil. It flouriſhes to day, to morrow 'tis nothing.

Hodie Lilium, Cras Nihilum.

Great Kings, your life is like this *Lily*, it appears like this flower, at Sunriſe with glittering and pomp, but at noon its vivacity and luſtre begin to fade, and at the end of the day it vaniſheth away with it, and ſcarce its being is remembred.

Even thoſe things which ſeem moſt durable, have in effect but a morning prime like flowers.

We read in *Apianus* of *Pompy*, that after he had triumphed over three parts of the world, he carried nothing away with him to the grave, but theſe words, *Hic ſitus eſt magnus* Pompeius, Pompey *is here buried with all his pomp.*

O World, how poor art thou, ſince thou haſt but ſuch a thing

of nought to give? O Fortune, how miserable art thou, when thy favorites are exposed to publick view, as objects of compassion? Let him trust in them who will, a man shall never be able to escape their tromperies, but by despiting their favours.

Time is as inexorable as Death, and neither of them spare any.

Here lyes Hannibal: Behold all the honour, which posterity rendred to the memory of so great a Captain. And *Time*, even jealous of the glory of his name, though not able to bury it in the Abysses of *Oblivion*, hath yet *devoured* the very *marble* of his *Sepulcher*. Are not these things truths worthy to raise astonishment?

'Tis remark't in *Suetonius*, of one of the Roman Emperours, that being now at last gaspe, and as it were at a bay with *Death*, he cryed out in excesse of astonishment; *Fui omnia, sed nihil expedit: I have been all in all, but now it nothing helpeth me.* I have tasted all the pleasures of all the greatnesse of the world, but

but the *ſweetes* are changed into *ſowres*, and onely their bitter diſguſt ſtayes with me.

Experiment all the delights of the Earth, *Great Kings*, the diſtaſt will ever at laſt onely remain to your mouths, and ſorrowes to your hearts, and if theſe do no good on you, a thouſand eternall puniſhments will poſſeſſe your ſouls. Repreſent to your ſelves, that all the felicities of *Life*, are of the ſame nature as *that* is, *That* decaies every moment, and *they* flit away without ceaſe. The contentments which men receive here below, are like the pleaſures of the Chace, which are onely reliſh't running. *I draw to an end.*

Contentments, cauſe in their privation as extreme diſcontents.

Belon in his *Monuments* of the *Kings of Egypt*, ſayes, that *they* were *enterred* with ſuch a ſplendour of pomp and magnificence, that even thoſe who had diverſe times before been admirers of it, were for all that often in doubt, whether the people went to place the *corps* in the Throne again,

rather then in their Sepulcher. O how ill to the eyes is the luſtre of this ſad kind of honour! For if vanity be inſupportable barely of it ſelf, theſe exceſſes of it, put the ſpirits upon the rack.

Diodorus Siculus, ſpeaking of the Tomb which *Alexander* cauſed to be erected, for his favorite *Epheſtion*, aſſures that the magnificences, which were there to be admired, were beyond as well all value, as example, *Marble*, *Braſſe*, *Gold*, *and Pearl*, were profuſely offered to moſt cunning Artiſans; to frame thereof ſuch works wherein *ſadneſſe* and *compaſſion*, might be ſo naturally repreſented, that they might affect the whole world with the like. *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, and all other *precious ſtones*, were there employed, under the Image of a *Sun*, *Moon*, *and Stars*. It ſeems this *Monarch* blinded with Love, thought to hold the *Planets* captive in the glorious enchainments of thoſe fair Maſter-pieces, as if he would revenge himſelf of *them*

A Man ſhould never be angry with his hard fates the decrees on't are inviolable.

them for their maligne influences, which they had powred upon the head of his dear *Epheſtion*. But this conceit was vain, for the *ſame ſtars*, whoſe captivity he oſtented upon this *Tomb*, conducted *him* alſo by little and little to his grave.

The *Romans* tranſported with paſſion, to honour the memory of the *Dictator Sylla*, cauſed his ſtatue to be framed of a prodigious height, all compoſed of perfumes, and caſt it into the *funerall pile*, where his body, whereof this was alſo but a ſhadow, was to be burnt to aſhes: Being deſirous by this action, to give to underſtand, that as the odour of his *ſtatue* diſperſt it ſelf through all the City of *Rome*, the much more odoriferous ſavour of his peculiar vertues would ſpred it ſelf through all the world. But to go to the *rigour* of the *litterall ſenſe*, it is credible, they had not caſt in this aromaticall ſtatue into the *ſtack*, but onely to temper the exceſſe of the ſtench of the body,

which was to be consumed with it. And I proceed to imagine beside, that the odour of this statue, the cinders of his body, and all the glory of the actions of *Sylla*, had all the same fate, since the winde triumph't over them altogether. *Behold the reverse of the Medall of Vanity*,

'Tis remark't in the life of the Emperour *Severus*, by the report of *DION*, that he made to be set at the gate of his Palace an *Urne* of marble, and as oft as he went in or out, he was accustomed to say, laying his hand on it; *Behold the Case that shall enclose him, whom all the world could not contain.*

Great Kings, have often the same thoughts in your souls, if you have not the like discourses in your mouths, the *smallest vessel of earth is too great for the ashes of your bodies*, which shall remain of them, after the worms have well fed on them: for the wretchednesse of your human condition, reduceth you at last to so small a thing,

thing, that you are *nothing at all.* But if I must give a name to those grains of corrupted dust, which are made of your deplorable remains, I shall call them the *Idea's* of a dream, since the memory of your being can passe for no other together with the time. *Behold a fresh subject of entertain.*

Man onely is considerable in respect of his noble actions.

Some of our Ethnick Historians report to us, that the *Troglodites* buried their kindred and friends, with the tone of joyfull cries, and acclamations of *mirth.*

The *Lothophagi* cast them into the Sea, choosing rather to have them eaten of fishes in the water, then of worms in the earth.

The *Scythians* did eat the bodies of their friends, in sign of amity, insomuch that the living were the Sepulcher of the dead. The *Hircanians* cast the bodies of of their kindred to the Dogges. The *Massagetes* exposed them as a prey to all manner of ravenous beasts.

The *Lydians* dryed them in the Sun, and after reduced them to

powders, to the end the wind might carry them away.

Amongſt all the cuſtomes, which were practiſed amongſt theſe *ſtrange Nations*, I finde none more commendable then the firſt, of the *Troglodites* looking for no hell, they had good reaſon to celebrate the funerall of their friends and kindred, with laughter and acclamations of cheerfulneſſe, rather then with tears, and lamentations.

There is more contentment to die then to live, if we conſider the end, for which man was created.

For though that *Life* be granted us by divine favour, yet we enjoy *it* but as a puniſhment, ſince *it* is no other then *a continuall correction of our continuall offences.* Beſides the ſad accidents which accompany *it* inſeparably, even to the grave are ſo numerous, that a man may juſtly be very glad at the *end* of his journey, to ſee himſelf diſcharged of ſo ponderous a burthen. Not that I here condemn the *tears*, which we are accuſtomed to *ſhed*, at the death of our neareſt friends, for theſe are *reſſentments* of *grief*, whereof

The body of Man being made of earth is ſubject to earth; but the ſoul holds onely of its ſoveraign Creator.

whereof *Nature* authorizeth the *first violences*. But neither do I blame the *vertue* of those *spirits*, who never *discover alteration* upon any rencounter of the mishaps, and miseries of the world, how *extreme soever* they be. And what disaster is it to see dye, either our kindred or friends, since all the world together, and Nature it self, can do nothing else. What reason then can a man have to call himself miserable, for being destinated to *celebrate* the *funerals* of those, whom he loves best, since the *divine Providence*, hath soveraignly established this *order*, & since moreover in this carreere of *Death*, to which all the world speeds, the *Present on't*, being not distinguish't but by *Time*, it will appear when all is come to the *upshot*, that one hath lived as long as another, since *all ages* though *different during their continuance*, *are equall then when they are past*. *Change we the discourse*

The living are more to be bemoned then the dead, they being still with'in midst of this lifes tempest, but these are already arrived to their Port

I advow once again, There is no *remedy* more soveraign to *cure* the

the passion of *arrogance*, then this of the *consideration* of *Cæmitaries*, and *Tombs*. The most vainglorious and ambitious are forced to yield themselves at the assaults of these *sad objects*. For a spirit never so brave and valourous, cannot but be astonish't, when he sees at his feet the bones and dust of an infinite number of persons, who were as valiant as he, what thoughts can he have but of *submission*, and *humility*, considering that one part of himself is already reduced into dust and filth? I say a part of himself, since he himself is but a piece of the same matter, which now serves him for object, and to the same last point will be extended one day the line of his life.

To what purpose is Courage against these perils, which cannot be avoided

When *Virgil* tells us of the fate of *Priam*, he brings in *Æneas* astonish't at it, that so great a Monarch should leave to posterity no other Monument of his greatnesse, but a *Tronck of flesh*, a *head* separated from the shoulders and a *carkasse*, without *name* or *shape*.

Æncid. lib. 2. Jacet ingens litore truncus Avulsum que humeris caput, & sine nomine corpus.

Great

Great Kings, This truth is a *Mirrour which flatters not.* Gaze here often in these meditations, and you will surely at length consider, that *All is full of vanity*, and that this glory of the world, whereof you are so strongly Idolaters, is but a *Phantasie*, and *Chimera*, to which your imaginations give that beauty, which charms you, and that delicacy, which ravishes you. What think you is it, to be the greatest of the world? 'Tis an honour, whereof misery and inconstancy are the foundations, for all the felicities which can arrive us, are of the same nature as we are, and consequently, as miserable as our condition, and as changing. This *Earth* whereon you live, is the *lodging* of the dead, what *eternity* believe you to find in it? Eternity of honours, riches, and contentments? there was never any but in imagination, and this *Idea*, which we have of them, is but a reflection from the lightning of Truth, wherewith heaven illuminates

He which makes himself rightly sensible of his miseries is partly in way to be exempted from their tyranny.

There is nothing eternall in this world but this scope of truth

minates *noble souls*, thus to guide them to the search of the *true source of all*, by the aide of these small rivolets. *It is time to finish this work.*

I have made appear to you in the *first Chapter*, the particular study which a man *ought to take*, to come to the * *Knowledge of himself*, wherein lyes the accomplishment of perfection. And herein the *precept* is, The *Consideration* of the *miseries*, which are *destinated* to our Nature, as being so many objects capable enough, to force up the power of our *reason*, to give credence to the *resentments* of *frailty*, which are proper to us. But this is not all to be meerely sensible of our wretchednesse. *Serious* Consideration must often *renew* the *Ideas* of them in our souls, more then the *hard experience of them.* And this to the end, that *vanity*, to which we are too incident, may not surprize us, during the intervals of a meditation, so important. We must often dive into our

Seneca. * Hoc jubet illa Pythicis oraculis adscripta vox. *Nosce Te.*

He that searches into himself shall not loose his labour

our ſelves, and ſeek in the truth of our nothingneſſe, ſome light to make us thus *to know our ſelves.* Afterwards *making a riſe* a little higher, it is neceſſary to conſider the *End*, for which we were created, and in this *conſideration* to employ all the powers of the ſeverall *faculties* of our ſouls, to the generous deſign of getting *poſſeſſion* of that *glory*. *Behold the Corollary of my firſt Argument, or Chapter.*

The ſecond inſtructs us a new means, to reſiſt powerfully the *hits* of the *vanities* of the world, from the example of the wretchednes of * *of one of the greateſt Monarchs* of the world. *Fortune* had refuſed him nothing, becauſe ſhe meant to take all from him, for in the height of his glory he finds himſelf reduced to the poorneſſe of his *ſhirt* onely, which is all he carries with him into the *grave.* And this makes us ſenſibly perceive that the greatneſſes of the earth are *Goods*, as good as eſtranged from human nature, ſince

* *Saladine.*

Poverty and Riches depend upon opinion, and a noble ſoul is above his fortune in what condition ſoever he be.

since in this mortall and perishing condition we can onely possesse their usance, and the *term* of this *possession* is of so *short* endurance that we see as soon the *end* as the *beginning*. *Reader represent unto thy self, how thou shalt be dealt with at thy death, both by Fortune and the world*, since the Minion of this blind Goddesse, and *the greatest* of the Universe is exposed all naked in his *shirt* in sight of all his subjects to be given in prey to the *worms*, *as well* as the *most miserable* of the Earth.

Et quæ veneraris, & quæ despicis uuus exæquabit cinis. *Sen.*

The Third Chapter, where *Life* leads *Death* in Triumph teaches us the Art to vanquish *this untamable*, by considering its weaknesse: for in effect, if Death be but a privation, 'tis to be deprived of reason and judgement, to give it a being, since it cannot subsist but in our impaired imaginations. The fantasme of an *Idea* is *it*, whose very form is immateriall, as having no other subsistence, I say but that which the weaknesse of our spirit gives it

The horrour of Death, is purely in the weaknesse of imagination.

it. And again, to come to the most *important point*; Let this be *the close* of the *recapitulation*, that you may have means not to stand in fear on't; * *Muze on it alwayes, looke for it in all places*, and overcoming your selves, you shall *triumph* over it. *Never did an unblemisht life fear Death.*

Sen.

* Incertum est, quo te loco vsors expectet: itaque tu illam omni loco expecta.

The last Chapter, where the object of *Cæmiteries*, and *Sepulchers*, is laid before your eyes, may now again serve for the *last touch*, since it is a *Theater*, where you must play the *Tragedy* of your *lives*. All this great number of *Actors*, whose bones and ashes you see there, have every one plaid their *part*, and it may be, that the hour will *soon Knell*, that you must act *yours*. Reader, live ever in this providence, a *Man* cannot *too soon* resolve to do that well, which howsoever must be done *of necessity*. *God Grant*, that these last lines may once again reproach thee, the bad estate of thy *Conscience*; delay not too long this *Check* to thy self, least too late the

Hodie mihi Cras tibi. *Think on that, Reader, it may be thy turn to morrow.*

regreets

Momentum est unde pendet æternitas

regreets be then in vain. *Thy salvation is fastened to an instant, consider* the infinite number of *them*, which are already slip't away, when perhaps at that *moment*, thou wert in estate (*if dying*) to incurre the punishment of a *second Death*, and that *eternall*. If thou trust to thy *youth*, put thy head out of the *window*, and thou shalt see carried to the *grave* some not *so old* as thy self. If thou relye upon the *health*, which thou now enjoyest, 'tis but a false-going dyall. *The calm of a perfect health, hath oftentimes ushered the Tempest of a suddain Death.* What hop'st thou for? hope is deceitfull; what stayest thou for. *A wise man ought never to defer till to morrow, what should he done to day.* Lastly, what desirest thou? *The peace of conscience is the only desirable good.* Go on then right forward, thou canst not misse the way which I have chalk't thee.

Sæpe optimus status corporis periculosissimus. *Hip.* Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

FINIS.

PERLECTORI,

The TRANSLATOURS COROLLARIE.

SO, Now 'tis done, although it be no Taske,
That did much Brains, *or toyleſome* Study *aske:*
The meaning I 'vouch good, but Merit ſmall,
In rendring Engliſh, *the* French Principall:
It is but a Tranſlation *I confeſſe*
And yet the Rubs of Death *in't neretheleſſe*
May trippe ſome capering Fancies *of the* Time,
That Domineere, and Swagger it in Rime.
That Charge *upon the* Reader, *and give* Fire,
On all, that do not (as they do) admire,
Either their rugged Satyrs *cruell vein,*
Or puffe-paſte Notes *'bove* Ela *in high ſtrain:*
Then in prevention quarrell like a curſt,
Scold, who being guilty, yet will call Whore *firſt.*
When any dyes whoſe Muſe *was rich in* Verſe,
They claim Succeſſion, and prophane his Herſe,
They onely are Heirs of his Brain-eſtate,
Others, are baſe, and illegitimate.
All but their own Abettors *they defie,*
And Lord-it *in their* Wit Supremacy.
Others they ſay but Sculke, as lye i' th' lurch,
As we hold Schismaticks *from the true* Church,
So hold they all that, do decline their way,

Nor

Nor swear by Heaven, *Al's* excellent *they say,*
Twere well they'd see the fing'ring on these frets,
Can neither save their Souls, *nor pay their* Debts
Or would they think of Death *as they should do,*
They would live better, and more honourd too.
'Tis base to do base deeds, yet for false fame,
To Keep a stir, and bustle into Name:
Whilst each applauds his own *contemns anoth rs,*
Becons *his own deserts, but his he* smothers,
They fear Fame's *out of breath, and therefore they,*
Trumpet their own praises in their own way.
Or joyn in Trick of State Confederacy.
Call Quid pro Quo, *Claw me, and Ile Claw thee.*
Marry, at others (Tooth *and* Naile) *they flye,*
That do not tread their Path, *but would go by.*
Farewell *to these, my ayme not here insists,*
Leave we these wranglers unto equall lists.
To Nobler *Natures I my brest expose,*
The Good *I bow to in an humble* Cloze:
To such as knowing how vain this Life *is,*
Exalt their thoughts to one better then This.
'Tis the best Method *to be out of Love;*
With things below, and thence to soare above.
To which effect my souls integrity,
In L'envoy *thus salutes each courteous eye.*

L'envoy,

Lenvoy.

INgenuous Reader, thou do'ſt crown
The Morall active courſe layd down,
By *De. la* Perre, what is pen'd,
If thy Actions recommend.

Relating to the firſt.
EMBLEME.

WHen *haughty thoughts* impuff thee, than
Diſtate thy ſelf, *Thou art but Man*,
A fabrick of commixed *Duſt*,
Thats all the prop of humane truſt.
How dares a Clod of mouldring *Clay*
Be *Proud*, decaying every day?
And yet there is a way beſide,
Wherein may be a lawfull *Pride*.
When ſly *Tempatations* ſtirre thee, Than,
Again the World, *Thou art a Man*.
Rouze up thy *Spirits*, do not yeeld,
A brave reſiſtance wins the *Field*:
Shall a ſoul of *Heavenly* breath,
Grovell ſo farre, its worth beneath:
Foully to be pollute with ſlime,
Of any baſe and ſhamefull crime?
Thou art a *Man*, for *Heaven* born,
Reflect on *Earth* diſdainfull ſcorn,
Be not abus'd, ſince Life is *ſhort*,

Squander

Squander it not away in ſport:
Nor hazzard heavens *eternall* Joyes,
For a ſmall ſpurt of worldly Toyes.
Do *Something* ere do thou bequeath;
To *Worms* thy fleſh to Air thy breath;
Something, that may, when thou art dead,
With *honour* of thy name be *read.*
Something that may, when thou art cold,
Thaw frozen Spirits, when 'tis told,
Something that may, the grave controule,
And ſhew thou hadſt a *noble* Soul.
Do *ſomething* to advance thy bliſſe
Both in the other World, and This.

Relating to the ſecond EMBLEME.

WEre both the *Indies* treaſures Thine,
And thou Lord of every *Mine*;
Or hadſt thou all the golden Ore,
On *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Shore,
And were thy Cabinet the *Shrine*,
Where thouſand Pearls, and Diamonds ſhine,
All muſt be left, and thou allowd,
A little linnen for thy *Shrowd.*
Or if 'twere ſo thy Teſtament,
Perhaps a goodly Monument.
What better is a golden Chaſe,
Or *Marble*, then a *Charnel* place?
Charon hence no advantage makes,
A half penny a ſoul he takes,
Thy heirs will leave thee but a *Shirt*,
Enough to hide thy rotten Dirt.

Then

Then be not Greedy of much pelfe,
He that gets all, may loſe himſelf.
And Riches are of this *Dilemne*,
Or they leave us, or we muſt them.
Death brings to Miſers double Wo,
They loſe their Caſh, and their ſouls too.
Change then thy ſcope to heavenly gains,
That wealth eternally remains.

Relatory to the third EMBLEME.

BE not *curious*, to amaze
With glitt'ring pomp the *Vulgar* gaze,
Strive not to cheat with vain delight,
Thoſe that are *catcht* with each brave ſight.
How ſoon will any gawdy ſhow,
Make their *low* Spirits overflow,
Whoſe ſouls are ready to *run-ore*
At any *Toy* nere ſeen before.
Rather thy *better* thought apply,
For to addreſſe thy ſelf to dye.
Be ne're ſo glorious, after all
Thy lateſt *pompe's* thy *Funerall.*
Shall a dreſſe of *Tyrian* Dye,
Or *Venice-gold* Embroydery,
Or new-faſh'on-varied *Veſt*,
Tympanize thy out-ſtrutting breſt,
There's none of theſe will hold thee tack.
But thy laſt colour ſhall be *Black*.
Be not deceiv'd *There* comes a *Day*,
Will *ſweep* thy Glories all away.
Mean while, the thought on't may abate

Th'

Th' *Exceſſes* of thy preſent 'ſtate.
Death never can that *Man* ſurprize
That *watches* for't with wary Eyes.
Do So, And thou ſhalt make thereby
A *Vertue of neceſſity*;
And, when thy *Dying-day* is come,
Go like a Man that's walking home.
Heav'n Guard thee with Angelick pow'r
To be prepared for *that hour*,
When ev'ry *Soul* ſhal feel what 'Tis
To have liv'd *Well*, or done *Amiſſe*.

Relating to the fourth EMBLEME.

LEt not the *Splendour* of high *Birth*
Be all thy *Gloſſe* without true worth,
Let neither *honour*, nor vaſt *wealth*
Beauty, nor *Valour*, nor firm *health*
Make thee bear up too high thy head,
All men alike are buried.
Stare not with Supercilious brow,
Poor folks are *Duſt*, and ſo art *Thou*.
Triumph not in thy worldy Odds,
They dye like men whom we count Gods,
And in the *Grave* it is all one,
Who enjoy'd all, or who had none.
Death cuts off all ſuperfluous,
And makes the proudeſt *One of us*,
Nor ſhall there *differ'ence* then between,
The duſt of Lords, or *ſlaves* be ſeen.
Together under ground they lye
Without diſtinctive Heraldry;

Unleſſe

Unleſſe it be that ſome brave Tombe,
Do grace the *Great-ones* in Earths womb.
But better 'tis that *Heaven's* dore,
Is oft'neſt open to the poor;
When thoſe, whoſe backs and ſides with ſin,
Are bunch't and ſwoln, cannot get in.
Beware the Bulk of thy Eſtate,
Shock thee from entrance at that *Gate.*
Give Earth to Earth: but give thy Minde
To Heaven, where it's ſeat's aſſign'd,
If, as it came from that bright *Sphere*;
Thither thou tend, not fix *it* here.

Live, that thy Soul may *White* return,
Leaving it's *Partner* in the Urne,
Till a Bleſt Day ſhall reunite,
And beam them with *Eternal Light.*

Ainſi Souhaite

Voſtre treshumble Serviteur

Thomas Cary.

Tower-Hill,
Antepenultimâ Auguſti.
1638.

To my endeared Friend, the Translatour,

Mr. Thomas Cary.

1.

'Tis Morall *Magick*; and Wits *Chymistry*,
Out of *Deaths* Uglinesse
T'extract so trim a Dresse:
And to a *Constellated* Crystal tie
Such an imperious spell,
As who looks on it well,
By sprighty *Apparitions* to the the Eye
Shall *See* he must, and yet not fear to dye.

2.

No brittle toy, but a tough monument
(*Above* steele, marble, Brasse)
Of *Malleable* Glasse:
Which also will (while Wisdom is not spent)
Out-price th' *adored wedge*,
And blunt *Times* Sickle's edge:
Usher'd with gracious safery in its vent,
For, to *disseaver* Spirits fairly lent.

3.

Friend, here remoulded by thy English hand,
(To speak it, is no fear)
Is now as *slick* and *clear*.
Nay, when Thy own *Minerva* now doth stand
On a *Composing* state;
'Twas curt'sie, to *Translate*.
But most thy *Choice* doth my applause command;
First for thy *Self*, then for this crazie *Land*. H. L.

LEC-

LECTURO.

COnspice, quod vani nudat tectoria Factus:
Et penetrabundi concipe vera Libri,
O falsis animose bonis: Sirenaque rerum
Deductus, vitreas exue delicias.
Interpres *Genium, quo vivax* Author, *habebit:*
Nec tantùm Archetypi *claustra decora soni.*
Tam bene Cinnameâ pingit feralia cannâ,
Phœnicis *miro quæ quasi rapta rogo.*
E gemitu solatiolum, è pædore venustas,
Eque cadavereo vita reculta situ.
Alter *in arcanis sapiat subtile docendis*
Sublimique suus stet ratione liber:
Alter *amet flores, bibuli mulcedo popelli;*
Surdescens tandem plausibus ipse suis. (*illa*
Præsentem Libitina *librum sibi vendicat;*
Corripens artem Rhotoris, *illa* Sophi.

H. I.

ΤΩι ΕΝΓΕΥΞΑΝΕΝΩι,
ΙΑΜΒΙΚΑ.

Ορθοστόμοις ἀρ' ὡς πέλει βεβαμμένον
Πίστεσσι χρησμῴδημα τοῦθ'. ΟΛΟΝ, ΚΕΝΟΝ.
Τὴν δ' ἀτρέκειαν καὶ λόγου σοφὸν βάρος
Μὴ πω ξυναρπάζωσιν αἱ σκαιαὶ φρένες,
Χαύναισιν ἐσπίδεσσιν ἀιωρουμέναι,
Τῇ ψευδοφάντῳ βουκολουμέναι Φύσει.
Ἡ δεξιὰ φρὴν καὶ δῖπετέστερον
Ὁρῶσ', ἐπέγνω πάντα τὰν Κόσμῳ γλυκέα,
Σεμνοπρεπῆ τε πάντα (καὶ τῷ ἂν τόδε
Γιγαντομίμοις οὐ δοκῇ φρονήμασι)
Καπνοῦ σκίαν, ἢ καὶ καπνοῦ σκίας ὄναρ.
Μόνιμιν μόνον δὲ, φρόνιμον· ἢ τὸ γ' εὐσεβὲς,
Ἀτίνακτον ἕδραν ἐρανοῖς ἀποικίσαν.
Ὡς πάντας ἐκ τῶ πάντι τῆς Τύχης πτέρω
Δεῖ μετριάζειν, κ' οὐ βραπὺς ὑπὲρ φρονεῖν.
Ρέπει τὸ Μετριόφρον Ἀστέρος δίκην,
Οὗ γ' ὑψιφεγγὲς ἀκροκυματεῖ σέλα,
Τύφος καπνηδὸν ἀερεμβατεῖν ἐρᾷ,
Ἐκ τοὶ ταπεινῶν σπαργάνων πυργούμενος,
Δέχου δὲ ταύτης τὴν σελίδα χρησμωδίας
Μυστὶν τε καὶ κήρυκα, καὶ φερωνύμως
Σπεβαρῆς διαπριστεῖραν ἱπποτυφίας.

HEN. IACOB.

Advertiſement au Lecteur.

Generous READER,

I Was upon occaſion of the Summer's *ſad effects generally over all* England, *and ſome reſſentments of mine own; when the Reading and Copying* Engliſh *this Authour's* French *Originall, ſeaſonably engaged my thoughts, and* Pen. *I think, al's not forgotten yet: But in longer intervall, and indeed* alwayes, *there ought ſtill to be a deep apprehenſion of our* Mortality. *This our* Author *inculcates to us in Notions quick and pertinent, though in ſome hiſtoricall alluſions he may a little o're-truſt his Memory.*

Valebis.

Thomas Car.

——Laudatus abundè
Non faſtidius——

Imprimatur.

Lingua Vernacula,

Sa. Baker.

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